

Michael & Lynn

**PERSONAL HISTORY
OF
BARBARA McDONALD MOULTON**

Written and Compiled by Barbara M. Moulton

Christmas 1771

Dear Michael & Ann,

I set this Christmas as my goal to do this history after we finished John M's last Christmas.

My purpose of doing it was because I didn't want our children & grandchildren wishing they had our personal history like I have wished I had one of my parents & grandparents in their own words.

I have lovingly prepared it in hopes you will enjoy and appreciate it.

With much love to both of you, Mother

PERSONAL HISTORY of BARBARA McDONALD MOULTON

Count time by lovely memories
Not by days and years;
Count it by the handclasps
The smiles and happy tears:
Count it by contentment
And daily tasks well done:
By star-filled skies at evening
And morning warm with sun;
Count it by the friendships
You've made along the way,
And by the many times that God
Has smiled upon your day!

On the cold blustery winter evening of Wednesday, Dec. 15, 1926 I decided to make my way into this world.

My mother, Minnie (christened Wilhelmina) Sonderegger Witt McDonald, knew the birthing process was in order so she had my father, Joseph C. McDonald, prepare the old round tin bath tub with water for her to take a quick bath. Since there was no inside bathroom at this time this was to be done in their bedroom.

The problem was that he had prepared the water warmer than she wanted and then went outside to hurry and do a few necessary evening chores. She knew she couldn't wait long enough for him to come back in so she took her bath anyway. This sped up the frequency of her labor pains and made my entrance into mortal life a little sooner than expected.

My father had come back in the house, was told to hurry and call Dr. J. Russell Wherritt, then go get our neighbor, Aunt Ella Smith. But I was ready to be born and the doctor hadn't had time to come the two miles to Daniel where we lived south of Heber City and my father didn't have time to go after Aunt Ella.

Mother had laid out her clean white garments for later use and some sparkling white cloths to use to wipe me with when I was born. She told my father to get one of the cloths to wipe me and in his excitement and frustration he grabbed the pair of clean garments and proceeded to wipe and clean me off. So my initiation into this world was a little different than normal at 8:30 P. M. that winter day.

My young childhood was normal and happy with two older full sisters, Eugena and Leah, and two older full brothers, Vernon and Hiram. Glenn was born five years later and the apple of my eye.

My half brothers and half sister from my father's first marriage were all married by then, Clarence, Giles, Cora, Walter and Clifford McDonald. My half brothers by mother's first marriage were Melvin and Kenneth Witt, 20 and 18 years of age, not married yet but working away from home.

I have more memories of Clifford, Melvin and Kenneth than the others, who seemed more like they should be uncles and aunt because of the age difference I guess. Of course Clifford had a daughter, Olena, one year older than I and a son, Russell, the same age as I but he came to our home more often than his brothers and sister and he was always so good to mother.

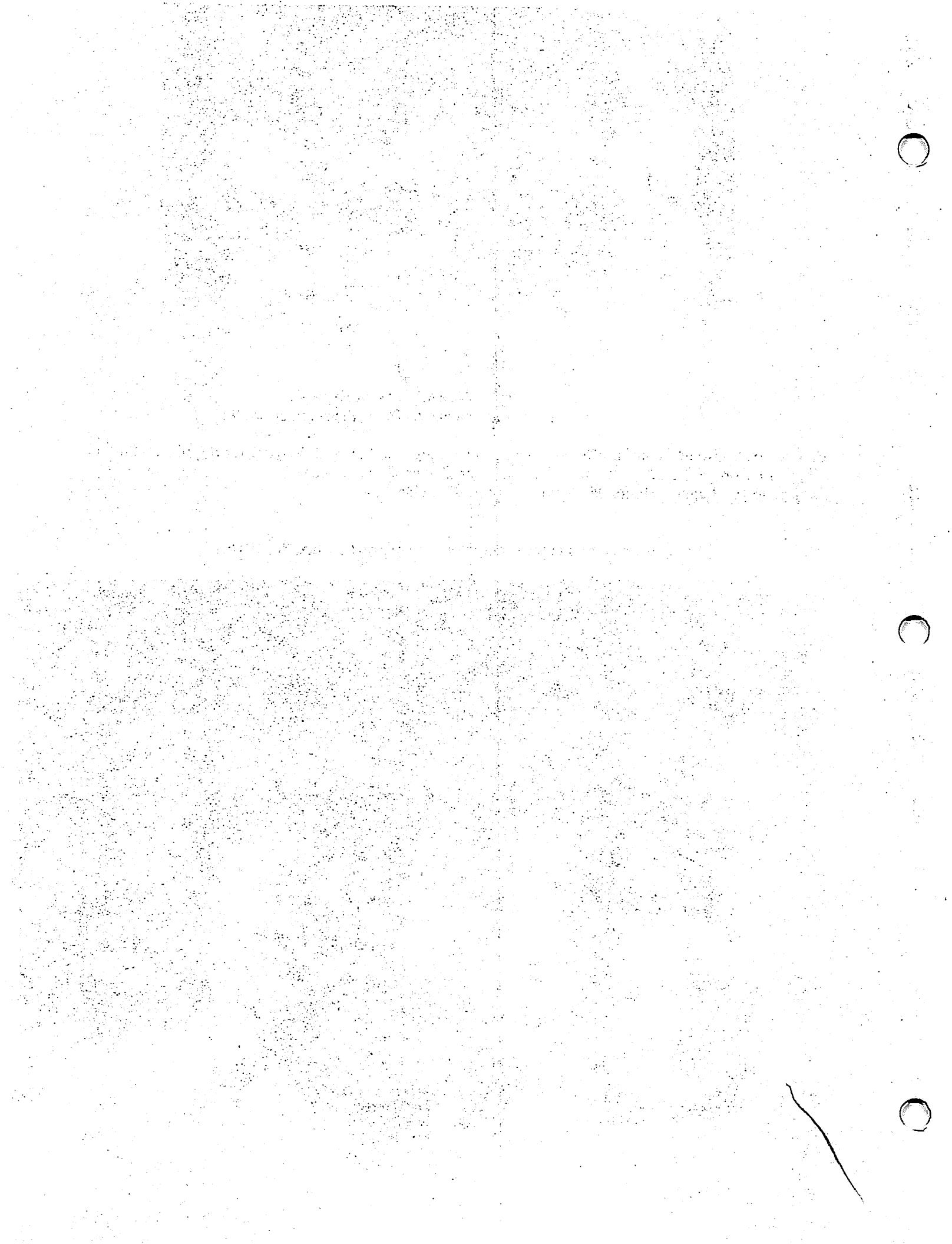


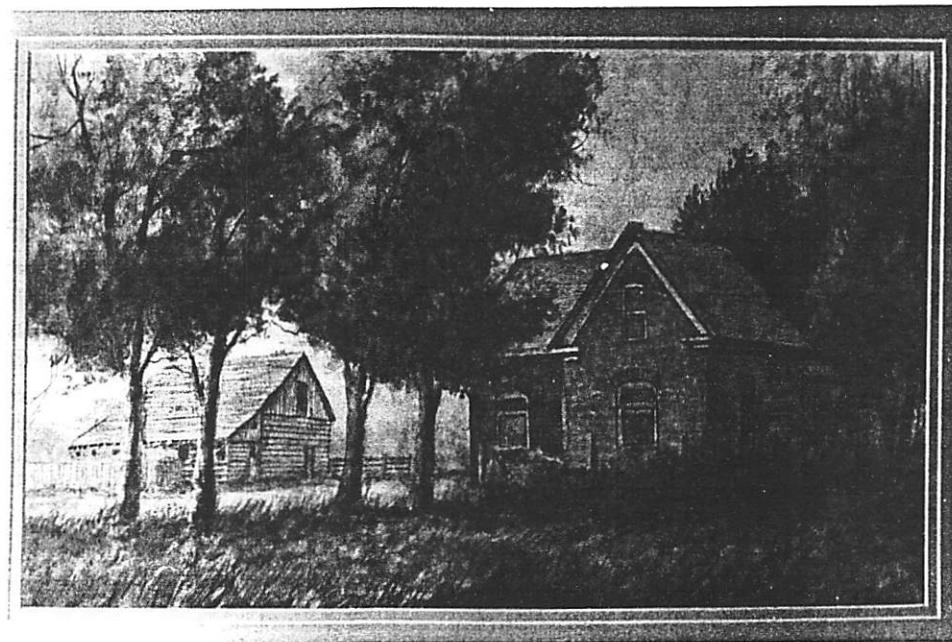
Picture I have of me as a baby. Taken the summer of 1927.

Back L. to R. - Nellie Simms McDonald (wife of John McDonald), Maud W. McDonald (holding Shirley),
Minnie McDonald (holding Barbara), Virginia Webb Simms, Rema McFee (?)
Front L. to R. - Eugena, Hiram, Phyllis, Lola and Leah McDonald.

My parents the summer after they were married on Jan. 26, 1916.







Two pictures of the house in Daniel where I was born. The top picture was taken for property tax purposes and the other is a watercolor painting by Doug Lee of the house and barn where I loved to play.

In trying to think of my earliest recollections about myself and my experiences I think it would have to be when I had pneumonia at three years of age. I can remember laying on the old black leather covered daybed in the dining room and being lovingly taken care of by mother. I thought it was so special when she would peel & section an orange and bring it to me in a little dish. I can't remember eating anything else besides the orange slices and they tasted so good.

Mother said she really had to monitor my condition and guard me closely because the doctor said at the crises of the illness and with the elevated temperature I would either slip into death or start to get well. I'm sure my parents were very relieved when I passed the crises and started to get well. I realize now how blessed I was. Leah said that all the children were worried their little sister was going to die.

Then I remember when I was so little and wanted to ride the old work horses. Mother said that my father came in one day when I was about three and one-half and said, "Do you know where your little girl is?" She went with him to see and there I was straddle one of the work horses and Hiram on the other going around the field using a small stick to make them turn the way we wanted them to go by tapping them on one side or the other of the head. We had climbed on them by the fence to the side of them.

Many times when Hiram and I were still quite young and too small to bridle the horses we would drive them down to the watering trough and when they put their heads down to drink we would hurry and straddle their necks. As they raised their heads we would slide down onto their backs, turn around, then head them toward the orchard where we could break a small branch off the tree to use to guide them the direction we wanted them to go.

I grew up being quite a "tomboy" because I would rather play outside climbing trees, climbing to every possible spot and perch in the barn, sliding down the hay chute, riding the jackson fork high up in the peak of the barn while someone pulled it along the rail, swinging on our big rope swing when the barn was empty of hay or swinging "Tarzen style" from the straw loft to the other side of the barn, catch ourselves on a narrow beam then swing back again.

I was always very competitive with Hiram and Glenn (especially Hiram) in playing marbles, baseball, racing each other on our long lawn in front of the house or roller skating around our front porch. It was always fun racing the neighbor friends on our bikes too.

But I did enjoy playing house in the neat playhouse our father had built out by the gooseberry bushes east of the house and playing with dolls in our upstairs bedroom. We loved to pick the green gooseberries to put in our play dishes but every time Mother would catch us she would warn us to leave them alone or we would get a stomach ache. Don't remember ever having one from them!

The only way I could ever bribe Hiram to play dolls with me for a few minutes was when I would promise to go play marbles or some outside game--and that wasn't very often he would.

I loved all animals, especially the horses and little kitties. I loved to put doll clothes on the kitties and use them for live dolls and wanted so badly to play with them upstairs in my bedroom but Mother wouldn't let me bring them in the house. The one time I did sneak one upstairs and it was so content all covered up in my little doll bed that Kenneth had made for me, then Leah arrived on the scene. She viewed the situation over, turned and ran downstairs to tattle and I was immediately ordered to take the cat outside.

I'm sure each of us had a turn along through our six to nine year age bracket of trying to ride the pigs, sheep and bigger calves. But falling off the pigs in the pigpen wasn't very much fun and I only remember trying that once.

Hiram and I even tried our homemade golf game once in a while out in the large dirt area between the barn and farm buildings. The barn and pigpen were on the north, the wagon shed, play house, gooseberry bushes & toilet on the south, the orchard on the east and the tool repair shop, ice house, granary, coal shed and garage on the west. We had lots of room there to spread the holes out but the stick clubs with a small rubber ball weren't too successful.

It was surely fun on warm summer evenings for all the neighbor children to gather in our yard for races on our long front lawn, being rolled in an old car tire as we curled inside it, playing hide & go seek, run sleepy run, kick the can, or running up and down the lawn during the irrigation watering time. In the winter it was fun playing fox & geese in the snow out on the "big lawn" north of the house. The Sheltons, Beters and Caspers were our neighborhood friends & playmates at this time.

After the grain was harvested in the fall it was always so much fun to play barefooted in all the wheat in the granary until we were caught and ordered to get out of it. (Chucks! foiled again!)

I guess I had reason to be "tattled on" every twice in a while. One time when I was probably about seven and Hiram was nine we were playing out by the beehives. Our father kept a few hives of bees each summer to pollinate apple blossoms, etc. plus reap the honey in the fall. As Hiram stood in front of one of the hives about four feet away I went around in back and beat the hive with a stick. Boy did he take off running with those bees after him and very soon our father was out there giving me a good scolding! I didn't do that any more you can be sure.

"Old Pet" was my first riding horse. The horse was old and gentle but if the south barn door was open and she decided to go in no way would she stop with a "Woe" and pulling on the reins when she was determined to go in that door. She went through the door which was just regular man size walk-in door with me astride when I was about five or six and it pulled me off down to the side of the wall where a big old rusty spike nail was sticking out. Needless to say I hit the nail with my ankle and it cut a gash which now days would be stitched up. I can remember the concerned look on Mother's face as she doctored it. It healed well but you can still slightly see the scar. My Mother probably wondered what I was going to do next--good thing she couldn't see where I climbed!

Riding one of the work horses with Glenn when he was old enough was fun too. Looks like I have the usual willow in my hand to use to make the horse go faster than it wanted to go. It was a pair of overalls like this that I had on one day when Leonard McDonald (my nephew who was older than I) teased me about being a "tomboy" for wearing them.



My father worked down at the gravel pit for a short time when I was in first grade. I would walk home from school, change my clothes, bridle the pony and go get him to ride home bareback with me. I would always be back over to "the corner" by the time the older grade school children had reached there from school and one of the Wall girls would always coax to ride behind me the 3/4 mile to their place where I would turn to go south another 1/2 mile to where I would wait for my father.

We used our pony in the winters to pull the sleighs up to Bether's hill or over to the hill south of Glen Caspers to either ski or sleigh ride. I loved the winter sports too but it was always so much work to have to climb the hills just to have the sleigh ride or ski trip down take such a short time.

One time when we finished sleigh riding on Bether's hill I decided I wanted to ride the horse to pull the sleigh the 2 1/2 miles to our house. Hiram insisted it was his turn but I got on the horse first and started off. He jumped on the sleigh rather than be left and then yelled all the time I had the horse on the run giving him a good fast ride. I think I did finally stop about half way & let him take over.

Ice skating was always a favorite winter sport too when we could find some ice to skate on. If our water hydrant out by the big lawn north of the house happened to freeze & break maybe it would freeze enough smooth ice to have a little fun with neighbor children joining in.

Growing up on the farm with all the varied interests was a lot more fun than sitting with your eyes glued to a TV. But it had a few drawbacks too such as the time when mother was gone and Vernon let the old mean buck sheep come in the dining room to chase the younger children around the table until we could all get on top of the table before it bunted us. I'm sure one of the reasons mother didn't leave home too often when Vernon was a teenager because she would always have to listen to so much tattling when she arrived home on the mean things he had done to us.

At grain harvest time we would always have to shock the grain, which is to gather the sheaves of grain and set about ten or twelve together upright in the field for the wagons to come along and gather them up to haul in out of the field and stack ready for threshing day. On that day as the threshing crew moved along to each farm the woman would have to prepare a hearty big dinner for them. And we children would always have fun chanting the rhyme made up by Daniel children:

"Johnny Carlen made a threshing machine,

Buzzy Joe made it go

Maud Bell blew it to hell!"

Mother would buy quite a few little "biddies" (baby chicks) in the spring to raise for egg production and eating. If it was too cold to keep them outside we had to keep them in large open boxes in the warm kitchen until they could go out. I remember that happening once and the smell wasn't terrible but was not perfume-like either.

When they could go outside a foot high 12' x 12' enclosure was made on the east side of our shop out in the yard and we kept them there until they were big enough to roam the farm.

One day as I was taking my turn feeding them a pigeon kept coming to eat their feed. I decided to scare it away by throwing a small quarter size rock at it. I scared it away alright--for good--as I hit it squarely on top of the head and it flopped over dead! I could never have done that again no matter how many times I tried.

I sadly told mother and she had me go get it and she prepared it to be cooked. Their meat is like chicken (in miniature) and we used to prepare eight or ten for a meal once in a while when our pigeon population got too large.

One of my pet "biddies" had chicken lice so mother had me cover its head with a cloth while she sprayed it with mite spray. It flopped over & died! While I cried Leah & mother laughed.

They laughed not because I was crying but because of the sudden death of the chick from mother's remedy and my pleading for it not to die when it looked obvious it was going to.

I loved finding a new/litter of kitties in the straw bed the mother cat had made up in the loft of the barn and waiting patiently for their eyes to open and watch them grow.

One of my earliest recollections of Uncle Charlie Shelton, our neighbor across the street, was when he asked me what we were going to have for Sunday dinner. I must have been only about three to three and one-half because apparently I couldn't pronounce some words as plainly as I should. I replied (excuse the bluntness) "Two shitins and one dut." I can still hear him laugh and then ask me to repeat it, which I did then more laughter. He didn't quit teasing me about that for years. Guess that's why I remember it so vividly.

Another thing I remember about the Sheltons came about because of a disciplining problem I had to have from mother. Aunt Maud was sick and mother had told me not to go over there. I did go over and was swinging outside in their swing when I saw mother coming with a little dry stick. I knew she meant business because she had never done this before. I met her in about the middle of the road and she gave me one little swat across the back of the legs and reminded me of what she had said. It didn't hurt my legs but it surely hurt my feelings and she didn't have to do that again.

When I was probably about fourth grade I rode the bike the mile to church one Sunday morning for Sunday School. I was daring enough to challenge any boy to a bike race and that was what we were doing while waiting for Sunday School to start in the old frame building that served as our Ward chapel.

I remember the dress I had on but it didn't get hurt a bit as I tipped over on the gravel road and rolled some of the fine gravel into one knee.

Mother was home so I jumped on the bike and sped for home. She got the gravel out, bathed, doctored and bandaged the wound and I hurriedly rode the bike back getting there right after classes had started. I didn't want to break my perfect attendance record and I still have little red marks just below the knee cap on my left leg where the wound was.

Our father had a dairy herd of registered Jersey cows which made a lot of hard work for both him and our mother in trying to make a living with them. He would tease mother by saying, "Now Minnie if the house ever catches on fire grab the metal box out of the cupboard with the cow registrations in it first, then save the children next!"

Bottling milk, separating some of the milk to get good thick cream to sell, making butter and shaping it into pound bricks, washing the many bottles and separator (with all the discs in it which separated the cream out one faucet from the skim milk out another faucet) made lots of work and took a lot of time for mother.

Turning the large butter churn by hand when it was my turn was not my idea of fun but it was fascinating to watch mother knead the rest of the buttermilk out of the butter with a wooden spatula. Then she would put the butter in a special pound mold, turn it out onto a coated wrapping paper and carefully fold over the ends to finish wrapping each pound brick to sell.

Another chore that was my assignment when it got to my age bracket to do it was to polish our father's shoes on Saturday to get them ready for Sunday. When temperatures were warm enough I would go out in back on the cement porch on the cement sitting block he had made there and do the job making sure I shined them very well.

Before our father lost all of the ground to the north of us (from Joe Casper's house to the canal) because of the mortgage in trying to help his oldest sons buy the Lehi farm, he raised turkeys to sell at Thanksgiving time to help out with the living.

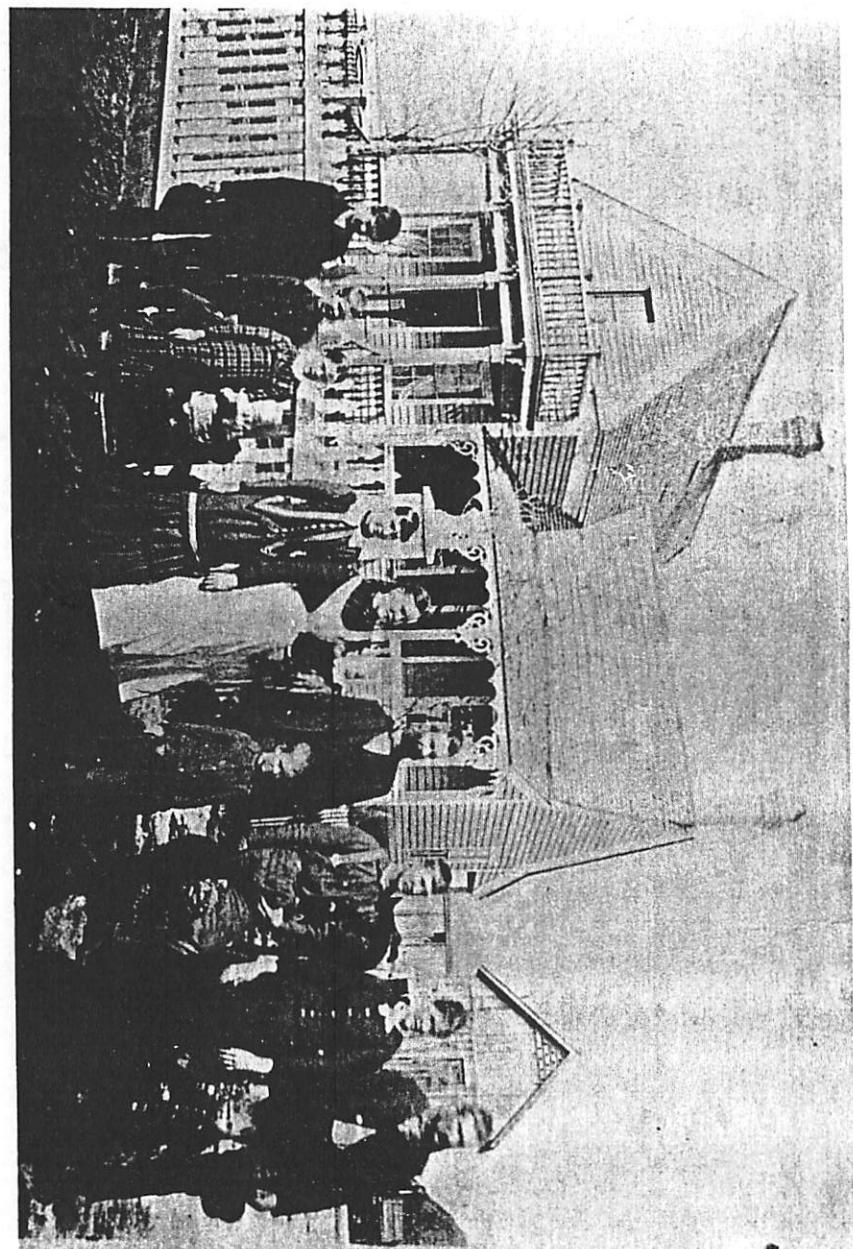
It was my job part of the time to herd the flock of dumb turkeys early in the morning to that ground in the fall after grain harvest so they could glean the loose grain off the fields during the day. I hated those turkeys when they wouldn't go where I wanted them to go faster than they would so I could get back home for breakfast when I was starving and get ready for school.

After our father died it was much harder for mother trying to take care of the farming with just mainly Hiram's, mine and Glenn's help. He and mother had sold off all the dairy cows when his health started to fail so that was a relief for her.

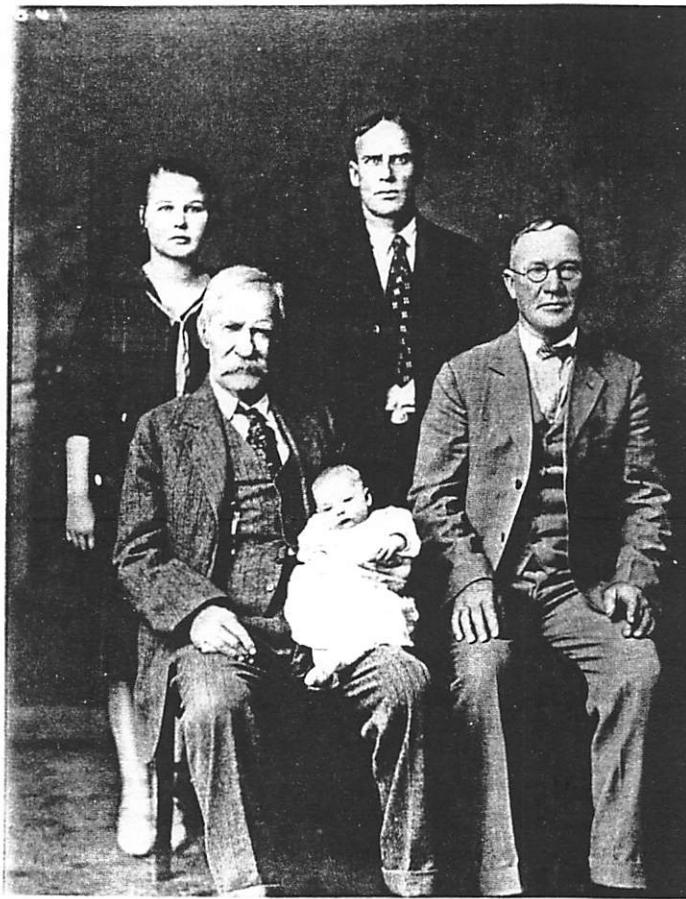
None of us suffered from the farm work and I am grateful as I know my brothers and sisters are to have learned how to work (not as much as I should have) by being raised on a farm.



My Grandfather's (Joseph Smith McDonald) house and family in Heber City about 1883 to 1885. This was after my Grandmother, Nancy Elizabeth Cummings McDonald, had died & my Grandfather had married Mary Malinda Jones. The house is still on the corner of 400 North 100 West in Heber. Left to Right: James X., John, Mary Ann, probably William in high chair (son of Joseph S. & Mary Malinda), Rachel, Mary Malinda holding Nancy Ella Shelton, Joseph Smith McD. (Grandfather) with Isaac standing in front (the youngest child of Nancy Elizabeth), Joseph C. (my father), Sarah Jane McD. Shelton, James Alfred Shelton with their son, Alfred Leslie in front.



My parents later in life when he was serving as Bishop of the Daniel Ward and when she was Wasatch County "Mother of the Year" - 1962



FIVE GENERATIONS.

Counter clockwise according to age: Joseph S. McDonald (my Grandfather), Joseph C. McD. (my father), Clarence McD. (my half-brother), Annie McD. Weindenheimer (daughter of Clarence), Juanita Ione Weindenheimer (daughter of Annie).



CHILDREN OF JAMES AND SARAH FERGUSON McDONALD

Front L. to R. - William, Jane, John
Back - Mary, Joseph S.



THANKSGIVING - 1936

Front row L. to R. - Gwen Carlen, Glenn, Wayne, Russell McDonald, "Old Ring" (?)
Second Row - Eugena McD. Carlen, Barbara & Olena McD., Shanna & Joan Witt, Wanda Wathen
Third Row - Minnie, Leah, Hiram, Delores & Clifford McD., Theora Witt
Back Row - Evans Carlen, Joseph C. McD., Henry Wathen, Vernon McD., Kenneth Witt



My father showing off one of his prize Jersey heifers with the delivery buggy in the background. He used this buggy for a short time before he went modern and used a car. The man who did the printing of "McDonalds Jersey Milk and Cream" on one side decided to use his own idea and on either the back or the other side he printed, "Soft Curd Milk--Babies Cry For It".

This is probably about the age I was when I helped him deliver the dairy products (but not in this fancy dress). You can just get a dim view of all my freckles and I didn't like them at all.



Our family visited Cora in Lehi one day & her beautician niece was there. What fancy hair waving!
Back: Leah, Eugena holding Gwen, Evans, Mother, Vernon, Dad.
Front: Barbara, Hiram & Glenn.



When I was probably about eleventh grade Mother decided the horse stable in the barn needed a good cleaning right down to the wood floor. A hard dry layer of manure and hay had built up to about twelve inches deep over the years. Leah was married by then, Hiram had been inducted into the military service right after his graduation & Glenn was probably on his long paper route right after school.

After school each night for about two weeks after I changed into work clothes we worked with a pick, shovels and wheelbarrow for a couple of hours until we had that all cleaned and hauled away. Mother was so pleased when it was done.

One reason it had built up like that was because for several years it was used as the stable for a mean registered bull that we had. The high pole fence which made the corral for the bull to go outside from the stable was absolutely a "no-no" for us to climb on or play around.

I'm sure Mother was very relieved when the vicious bull was gone and she could relax her watch on Glenn who was only two or three at the time.

I have always wished that I could have had my grandparents during my growing-up years. My Grandmother McDonald, Grandmother Sonderegger and Grandfather Sonderegger all passed away before I was born and Grandfather McDonald died when I was about three. But I grew up thinking that my mother's first husband's family, the Witts, were my relatives too calling them Grandmother Witt, Aunt Millie Witt, etc. Mother continued to treat them as such through all the years after the death of her first husband, James Tayler Witt, whom she was only married to for five years before his death.

Grandmother Witt was a little English lady who had grown hard of hearing in her elderly years, but no matter how quiet we were or even when Mother sent Glenn upstairs to play she complained that we were making too much noise at times.

One time when she was sitting between me and Hiram at the dinner table and we were passing a bowl full of spaghetti across her plate to each other we accidentally dropped it and it turned squarely upside down on her plate. I can still hear her clicking her tongue or lips as she explained, "Well--my, it looks like I got my share!"

Another thing she didn't like was "all the whispering that went on around the house before Christmas."

I don't remember how long Mother took care of her but she had gone to live with another relative at the time she passed away.

I have always said that I guessed the reason I wanted to try to be a good grandparent because I didn't know any of my own grandparents.

I was too young to realize what was going on in the "Great Depression" years of 1929 to 1935 or so and how hard the struggle must have been for families. Mother was such a good manager--we always said she could "make a wonderful meal out of nothing". She was so thrifty, prudent, industrious, such a hard worker and made every scarce penny count while at the same time putting patches on patches to take care of our clothing while always keeping them clean no matter how old.

Living on a farm I'm sure made feeding a family a little easier if you could afford to raise the meat and produce.

Melvin can remember the depression especially when the bank in Heber went broke and people lost their savings in it.

He had been such a saving young boy when he earned small amounts cutting lawns, etc., and saving what his doting Uncle Tom would give him from time to time.

One morning in 1929 or 1930 when he was about nine or ten as he was walking past the men gathered around and sitting on the window sill at the bank on main street he heard them talking about the bank might go broke and have to close.

He went right home and told his parents what he had heard and he wanted to withdraw his money, about \$400.00, out of the bank before it did. They just laughed at him and convinced him it wouldn't happen and it would be okay to leave it there. Within a week or two the bank did go broke and close. The people did eventually get about 15¢ on the dollar and so he didn't entirely lose all of it.

Now let me tell you about our farm house. We didn't have an inside bathroom until I was about seven or eight. Dad took the pantry which was just off the kitchen and big enough to make a bathroom and how wonderful it was not to have to go to the stinky outside toilet (especially in cold weather) so far away from the house.

And oh! our cold upstairs bedrooms! I'm so appreciative of our electric blanket or to be able to heat our bedroom now if we want to.

Before snow came Mother would have us go out to the large rock pile in the field and select the rock we wanted for heating at bedtime to put our feet on in our cold beds. There was any size or shape we wanted to choose but we had to remember to choose the size we could carry easily. Several hours before bedtime the rocks would be put in the oven of the coal cooking stove. At bedtime she would wrap each one with a layer of newspaper then several layers of old thin towels or blanket pieces and we would trudge up to our freezing bedrooms. They felt so good on our feet but the rest of our bodies shivered until we could get warmed up under the heavy layers of mother's homemade quilts.

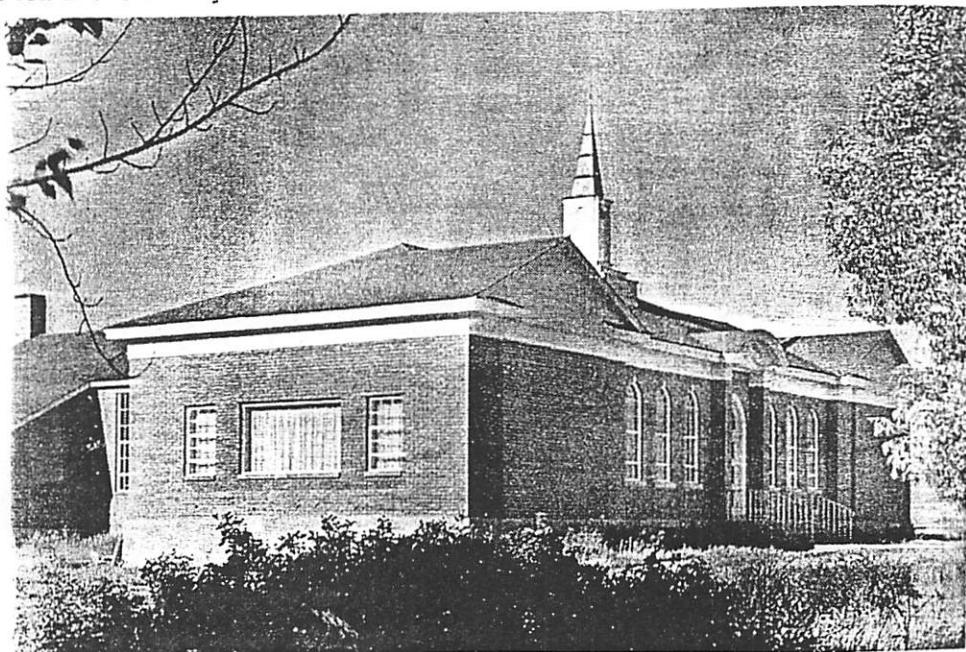
By morning the rocks had lost their heating capacity entirely and we had them kicked out of the way ready to take downstairs to use the next night.

Our house had the two bedrooms upstairs and downstairs was another bedroom, the parlor (that we rarely used), a large dining room (used all the time), a small kitchen, bathroom and the stairway off the dining room that went down to the fruit storage room. It had shelves on all four walls and a big table in the middle of the room and every inch was covered with preserved fruits, vegetables, jams, jellies, relishes, pickles, etc., all a result of a summer's long hours and hard work by our mother. As we went out the back kitchen door there was a long screened-in porch used for various activities like peeling fruit in the summer, doing the milk & cream separating and storage for other needed items, plus a small cupboard for storage of mother's cooking pans and utensils.

Our house was set back in about 125 to 150 feet from the front gate. The long tree-lined path from the front fence to the house always caused some concern on dark nights when I would walk home from Mutual on Tuesday nights or come home from an activity and have to walk the path alone with ghosts lurking behind each tree I thought for sure. I sprinted the distance in record time from the gate to the front door.

I attended the six grades of elementary school in the Daniel School about one mile from our house. The walk wasn't complained about because everybody had to do it, that was the only way we had of getting there unless the ones with bikes rode them when the weather was good and the roads were dry. The students from the lower part of Daniel might of been a little envious of the ones from the upper part because if they waited for the bus to come from Heber with High School students they could ride the bus home and could ride it to there in the mornings. The bus route on that end went clear up to Bethers and Howes hill on the east end of Daniel.

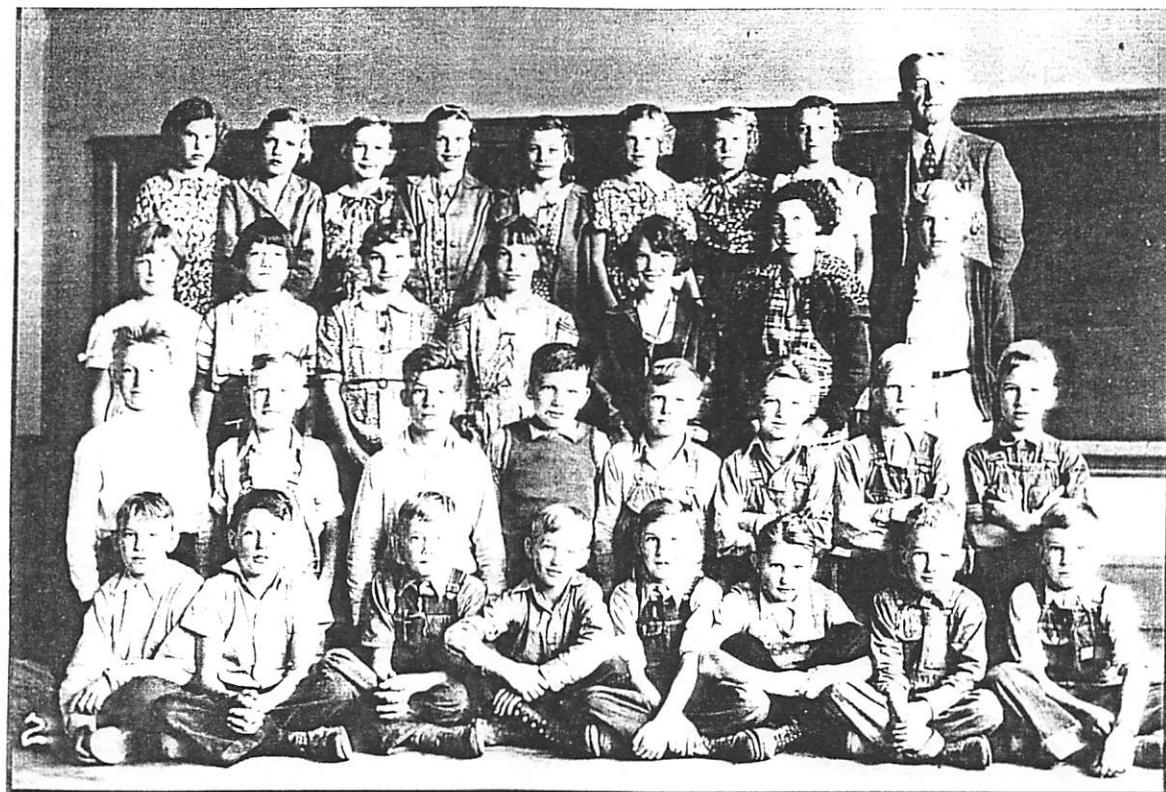
Once in a while in the winter when the snow was deep and crusted hard we thought alot of distance was cut off if we could cut through the fields stepping over the tops of the fences and go on a diagonal angle from our house straight to the school. Some of those winter days were so cold to walk that far that we felt like icicles by the time we arrived even with warm wool scarves over our faces.



This picture of the Daniel Grade School was taken after the LDS Church bought it and remodeled it for the Daniel Ward by adding the steeple and back addition on the exterior.



Front L. to R. - Francis Smith, John Anderson, Blaine Webb, Glen Cobbley, Russell McDonald, Rex D. Cummings.
2nd Row - Eugene Snyder, Bruce McGuire, Glade Casper, LaMar Bell, Ben McDonald (McFee), Ardean Anderson.
3rd Row - Florence McGuire, Grant Shelton, Bill Casper, Pat McGuire, Arlene Remund, Montez Elliott.
Back Row - Miss Tessie McGuire, teacher of 1st & 2nd Grades, Lois McGuire, Barbara McDonald (2nd Grade), Zina Thacker, Helen Elliott, Erma Bethers, Wanda Orgill.



Front L. to R. - Glen Cobbley, Bill Casper, John Anderson, Francis Smith, Blaine Webb, Eugene Snyder, Rex D. Cummings, Russell McDonald. 2nd Row - Glade Casper, Barton Bethers, Arnold Howe, Blaine Thatcher, Pat McGuire, Bruce McGuire, Ben McDonald (McFee), Ardean Anderson. 3rd Row - Florence McGuire, Lois McGuire, Barbara McDonald, Irene Peterson, Olena McDonald, Nadine Webb, Nora Bell Thacker. 4th Row - Arlene Remund, Wanda Orgill, Della Broadhead, Zina Thacker, Erma Bethers, Helen Elliott, Montez Elliott, Elda Zufelt & Mr. Bronson, teacher of the 4th, 5th & 6th Grades. I was in 5th Grade.

1. The meanest teacher I know.
2. Just what we can best
3. Mrs. Remund
4. Mr. Thacker
5. Miss McGuire
6. Miss Elliott
7. Miss Bell
8. Miss Peterson
9. Miss McDonald
10. Miss Casper

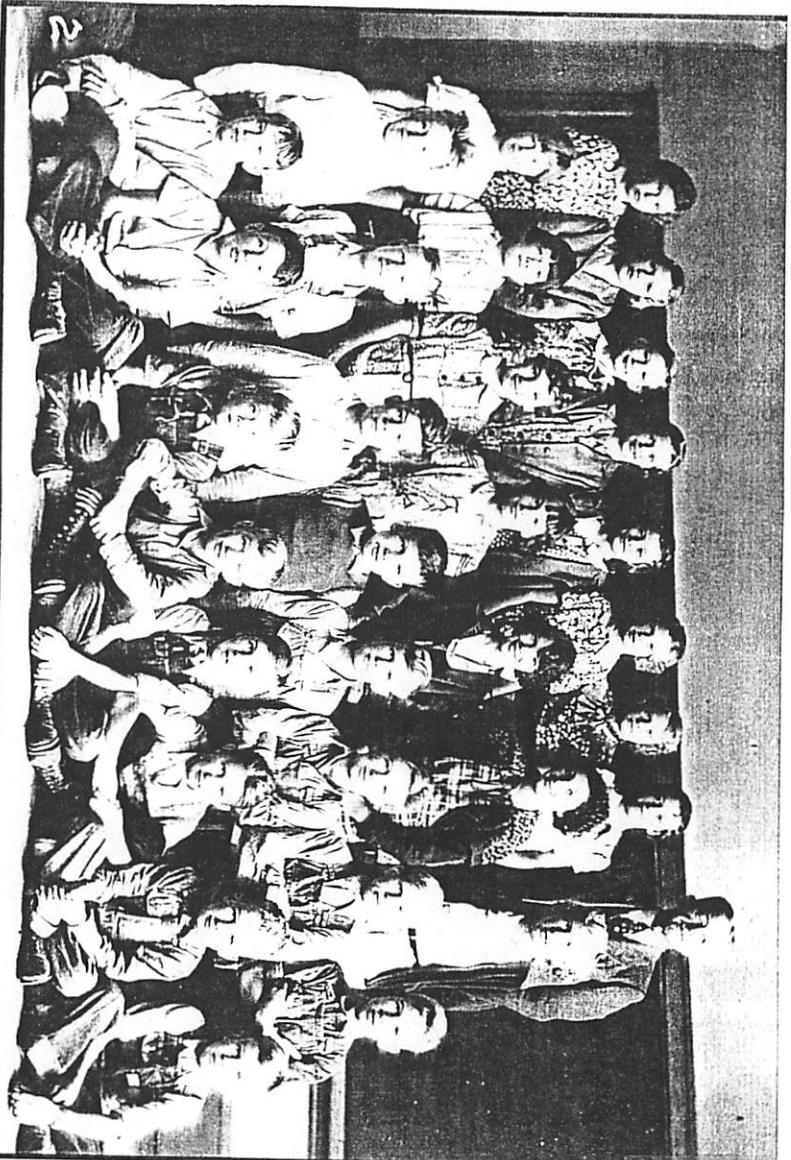
1. All that grand
2. Do with you might
3. Teacher McGuire always
4. Mrs. Remund
5. Miss Peterson
6. Miss Casper
7. Miss McGuire
8. Miss Peterson
9. Miss McDonald
10. Miss Casper

1. The safest place to hang
2. Mrs. Remund
3. Miss McGuire
4. Mrs. Remund
5. Miss Peterson
6. Miss Casper
7. Miss McGuire
8. Miss Peterson
9. Miss McDonald
10. Miss Casper

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9. Miss McDonald
10. Miss Casper



Front L. to R. - Glen Cobbley, Bill Casper, John Anderson, Francis Smith, Blaine Webb, Eugene Snyder, Rex D. Cummings, Russell McDonald. 2nd Row - Glade Casper, Barton Bethers, Arnold Howe, Blaine Thacker, Pat McGuire, Bruce McGuire, Ben McDonald (McFee), Ardean Anderson. 3rd Row - Florence McGuire, Grant Shelton, Bill Casper, Pat McGuire, Arlene Remund, Montez Elliott. Back Row - Miss Tessie McGuire, teacher of 1st & 2nd Grades, Lois McGuire, Barbara McDonald (2nd Grade), Zina Thacker, Helen Elliott, Erma Bethers, Wanda Orgill.



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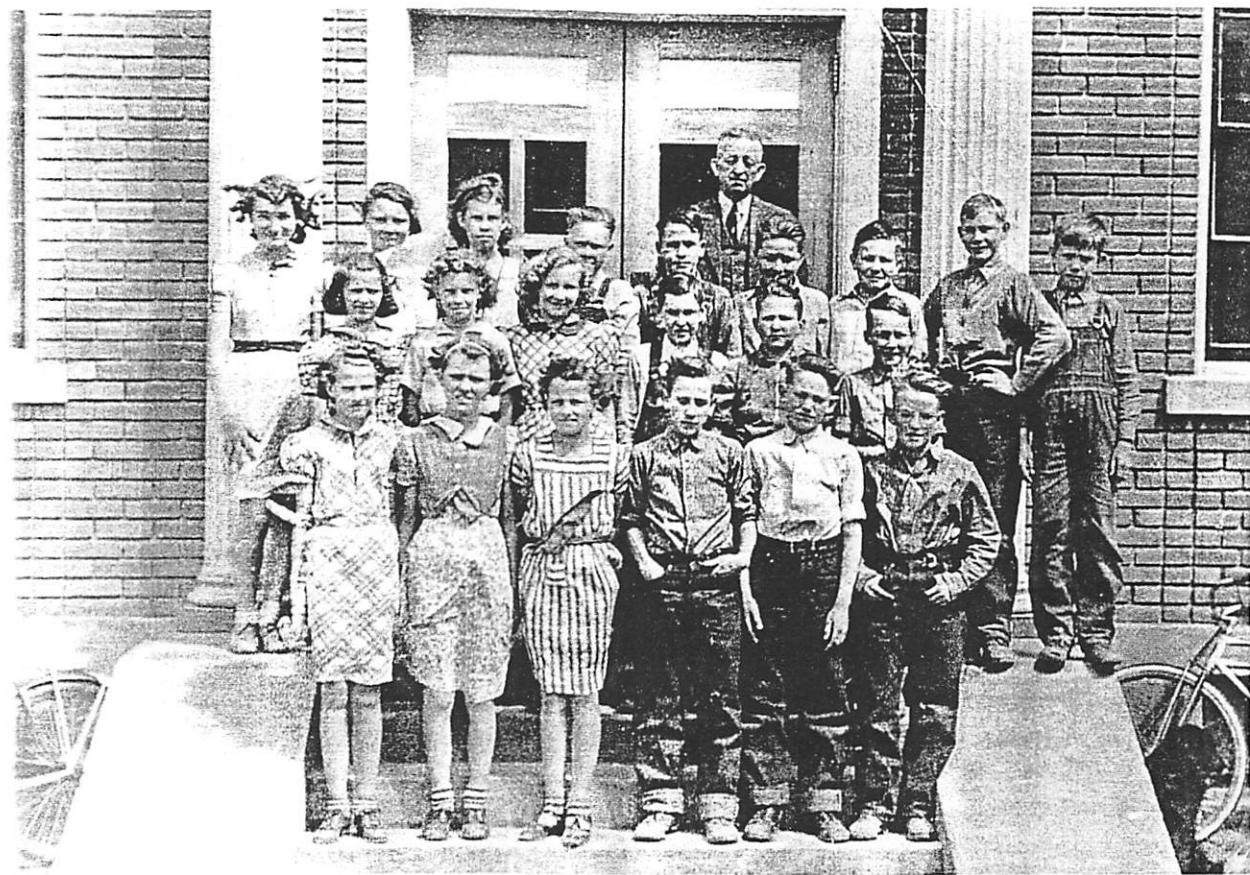
My sister, Eugena, holding me.
Picture was given to me (the first
time I had ever seen it) after the
book was partly completed.



About 4th Grade



"Grandmother Witt" with my
two nieces, Shanna Deen (L)
and Joanne Witt (R)



A WILD & WINDY DAY FOR MR. BRONSON'S FIFTH & SIXTH GRADES IN DANIEL.
Front: L. to R. - Montez Elliott, Wanda Orgill, Erma Bethers, Ardean Anderson, Glen Cobbley, Francis Smith.
Middle: Zina Thacker, Helen Elliott, Della Broadhead, Blaine Webb, Eugene Snyder, Rex D. Cummings.
Back: Barbara McDonald (6th), Florence McGuire, Arlene Remund, Pat McGuire, Bill Casper, Bruce McGuire,
Russell McDonald, Ben McDonald (McFee), John Anderson & Mr. Bronson.

THE JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH YEARS.



After the six grades of elementary school in Daniel we rode the bus to go to Junior High and High School in Heber.

Mother bought a clarinet for me the summer before I started to 7th Grade and Mr. Lloyd Winn, the band teacher came to the grade school in Daniel once a week all summer to give lessons. It took me quite a few years of growing up to realize what a sacrifice that was for mother to buy the clarinet for me, but she wanted all of her children to participate in the band and we all did, except Vernon. He must not have liked music because he was also the only one who didn't take piano lessons either for varying lengths of time.

I enjoyed my band classes along with English, shorthand, typing, all the business classes, physics and physiology. My least favorite were the math classes.

After a few years of marriage that clarinet was traded in as a down payment on a piano and of course that pleased mother that we were getting a piano.

Some of my favorite teachers in Junior and Senior High were Carl Clark, Nell Ohlwiler, Eva Wilson, LaMar Stuart, Dan Peterson and Leonard Bacon.

I was voted in as a student-body officer during my senior year as the publicity chairman.

I always wanted to excel in my school classes and mother was always so proud when I brought home good report cards. So of coarse we were both proud when I was chosen as valedictorian of our graduating class. But the principal of the high school chose to just group us all as honor students and I don't know how many people really knew who was the valedictorian and the salutatorian that year. But maybe they guessed it from the graduation exercises when we (LeRoy Kohler and I) were the only two students to give long memorized talks. Other honor students gave prayers or musical numbers, etc. Dick Wright, senior class president, and Glen Carlile, Student body President, also participated.

It was a big relief for mother when I was awarded a scholarship for the full year's tuition at BYU because I doubt if I could have made it in college that year if I hadn't. And the other thing that really helped me to be able to go was that Eugena & Evans lived in Provo only about eight blocks from the campus and they squeezed me into their small apartment along with Gwen, Gary & Lynn.

I lived with them with mother helping out with the food bill as much as she could until about January when the children had chickenpox and I didn't dare get exposed to them when I hadn't had them so I started riding back and forth with Melvin, his brother Derial and two other students who were going to Utah Trade Tech at the time. It is now known as Utah Valley State College.

That one year at BYU completed my college education because by the time spring came my interest was more in John Melvin Moulton than college.

I didn't do alot of dating in high school because it was wartime (World War II) and the male students who were not in the service already didn't have cars nor was gasoline available anyway to do much dating. The school buses didn't take us out of the valley for very many sports activities but they did for a few things in the spring like the sports' competitions, band competitions, debate competitions, etc. And they did take us to the Friday night basketball games when they were on the home floor and the dance which followed.

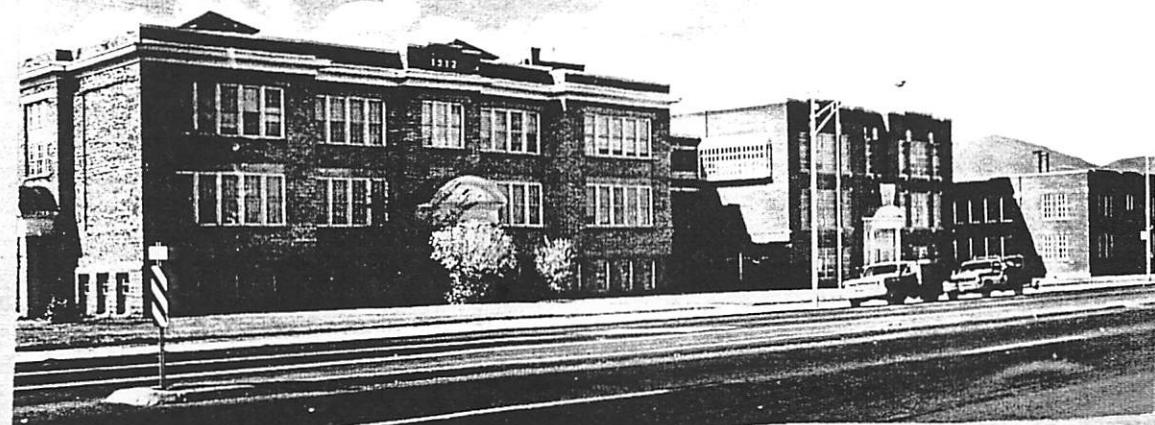
I was the normal high school girl though in liking one boy after another in different grades and having a "crush" on some more than others.

One of my main memories of high school was my junior year when the Prom Committee paired me up with Bob Duke for the Promenade. He was just a little kid who didn't have his growth yet and I thought I was a big ox to the side of him. Years later he was much bigger than I!

The main summer employment in Heber for students was the Woods Cross Pea Cannery. So I started working there in the summers as soon as I was old enough.

The summer between my 11th and 12th grades my brother, Melvin, thought I should come to Oakland, California and live with them and get a job at the Army Supply Depot there. I was able to get a job and made enough money to pay Vernon back for my bus fare there, pay my bus fare home at the end of the summer and buy some school clothes. Boy, I thought I was pretty rich! But if I would have had to pay Melvin & Beth board and room I wouldn't have gained much. Oh, yes, I had to pay the train fare back and forth to work every day also. I was happy to get back home and get back into school for my senior year.

The summer after I graduated I worked at the Pea Cannery again until fall when I left for college in Provo.

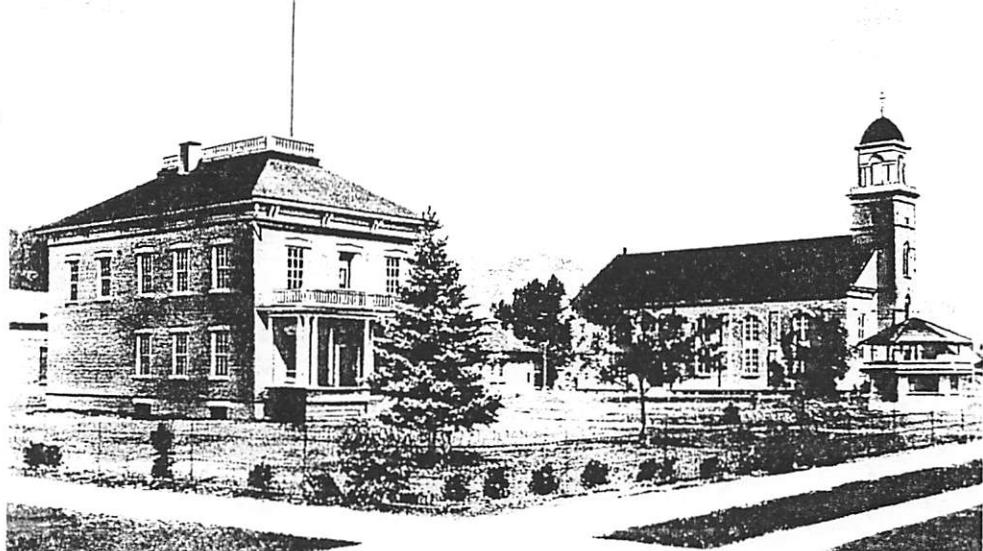


WASATCH JUNIOR HIGH & HIGH SCHOOL

Older part (built in 1912) on left, newer building in middle & Seminary Bldg. on right.

I attended grades 7 through 12 here.

Public Square with Courthouse
on left, Old Jail in back of it,
Stake Tabernacle on right with
the Amusement Hall in back.



The one and only bank in
town on what we called the
"bank corner" at Main & Center
and the Heber Mercantile Store
that was there when I was grow-
ing up & burned down after I
was married.



As I enrolled at BYU I was asked several times if I was the daughter of Pres. Howard S. McDonald, who was the President there for a number of years.

My best classes at the "Y" were again the business classes and English and I received A's in them but some of the others I didn't do so well.

I always wished I could be a good tap dancer so when it was one of the choices for a Phys. Ed. class I took the beginners class, but I think I received a C+ in it so that ended my dancing career.

Let's go back to August before I left for Provo. It was about the last of August that Derial Moulton came home from World War II on furlough from the Army. He was lucky to be alive after all the fierce fighting he had gone through in Italy.

He wondered what girls were left in the valley to date and his mother suggested me. I had just finished working with her at times in the Cannery and I was such a quiet little mouse I was surprised she had even paid attention to me.

He asked me to go to a Sat. night dance at the Mtn. Spa and I loved dancing with him because he was such a wonderful agile dancer. Other than that I wasn't too thrilled to go with him because I had the idea for one reason or another that when he was in High School he was kind of wild. (I found out later that it was just his personality & actions that gave me the idea.)

I dated him on several weekends home from college until October when one weekend his older brother, John Melvin, was home on furlough and we double dated with him and his date, Betty Duke (North).

Melvin was so handsome and I remembered seeing him going to a show with Renee Fitzgerald one night in late July when he first arrived home from Europe. Florence and LaRee McGuire and I were going to the same show at the old Wasatch Theater and as Melvin passed in front of our car as we were parking, our car rolled forward a little more. He put his hand out in a teasing gesture as if to hold the car back. After they were out of hearing range we all swooned and explained, "We wouldn't mind running over him!"

Anyway, soon after the four of us arrived at the Mtn. Spa for the dance Melvin asked me for a dance and the first available one on my dance card was about number five. I was so thrilled he asked me but I was sure it was just being polite when we were double dating.

When we finished that dance he asked me for another one and my heart jumped with joy when the only one I had open--the next to the last one--was open on his card also and I knew he didn't have to feel obligated to ask me for another dance.

I remember sitting at the counter of the Blue Light Inn where we went for a hamburger after the dance and trying to sneak a look at him when I could down the counter from me.

When I arrived home and passed by mother's bedroom on my way to my upstairs bedroom, she was awake as usual and asked, "Did you have a good time?" and I replied, "Yes, but it would have been a lot more fun if I had been in the back seat with the big brother."

That was the last time I went with Derial because by the next weekend Melvin had called me by Wed. when I was down at college and asked me for a date for Friday. My heart sank when I had to tell him I had a date for that night (that was the last time I went with that young man also) and then Melvin asked me if Sat. night was open and I was happy to say it was. I couldn't wait for Sat. to come which was Oct. 13, 1945!

He really made a favorable impression on my mother when he came in and sat down and visited with her for 10 or 15 minutes even when I was ready to leave for a show and the dance afterward at the Mtn. Spa. I think she loved him too from then on but she might have wondered a little when we lingered on the porch too long and it was rather late before he left.

I dated him several more times before he had to report back to Camp San Luis Obispo in California to be "mustered out" of the military service in about three weeks.

He took me back to Provo on a Sunday night the last night he would see me before leaving. As we sat talking out in the car before he took me in to Eugena's apartment he said, "What would you say if I told you I was falling in love with you?" I replied, "What would you say if I told you I was in love with you?" And I knew it was a different love than the "crushes" and "puppy love" I had before.

We corresponded each with three or four letters before he arrived back home in November and as soon as he arrived in Provo he stopped to see me before going on to Heber. What a thrill!!



Mrs. Minnie McDonald
requests the pleasure of your company at the
wedding reception of her daughter

Barbara

and

Melvin Moulton

son of Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Moulton

Friday, September twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred forty six
Elber Social Hall at 9 p. m.

Married in
Salt Lake Temple
September 19th, 1946

I continued to date him on the weekends through the winter as he attended Trade Tech school in Provo and I finished the school year at BYU.

I occasionally dated other guys on a Friday or Saturday, but never had any fun with them as my heart was with Melvin and I quit dating others when I knew he was the "one and only".

We became engaged on May 3, 1946 and set our wedding date for sometime in September.

I worked at the Pea Cannery again for the summer and Melvin started building a "garage house" for us at 127 East 300 North in Heber as we prepared for the decided wedding date of Sept. 16, 1946 in the Salt Lake Temple.

A picture of our first home, the "garage house" is in Melvin's history book.

When my Bishop, F. Preston McGuire, interviewed me for my Temple recommend he said he could always tell what my earnings were right down to the penny because of my tithing.

My father was the Bishop when I was born until I was about 2½ years old, then Bp. Joseph Orgill and then Bp. McGuire through the years I was dating and married.

The old Daniel church house was used for church meetings, dances and socials but we elected to have our wedding reception in the Social Hall & Annex in Heber, one block south of Melvin's folks home and now the Senior Citizens Center. We had a large crowd who attended to wish us well, enjoy the program and dancing.

We honeymooned (with Melvin's dad's car) to Bryce Canyon, Grand Canyon and Zion's Park for one week staying in cabins at the locations for 2 or 3 of the nights and in a tent the other nights.

Our little house wasn't entirely ready when we were married so we stayed with mother for several weeks until the cesspool was dug and a few other things completed to make it livable.

The day finally came when my sweetheart carried me across the threshold and we were happily settled in our own little place, even with bare cement floors in the living room and bathroom but linoleum on the kitchen and bedroom floors. We started saving for a carpet for the living room.

I got pregnant rather soon and about five months in to the pregnancy I suffered ruptured appendix and made the doctors wonder during surgery with the gangrene and seriousness of the situation if they could save me and my baby.

As sick as I was that thought did not cross my mind. I was either too dumb or had lots of faith, probably both. In my critical condition I do remember mentioning to the nurse on about the 3rd day that I hadn't felt the baby move. She just said, "Oh, really?" I found out later what she was thinking.

My baby must have recovered from the anesthetic about the next day because he let me know he didn't like what had gone on and started kicking about it.

Michael was born June 3, 1947, earlier than the expected date, but other than that he was healthy and perfect and weighed in at 7 pounds 13 ounces. We felt so blessed and we were so happy after the scare we had gone through.

About six weeks after his birth I drew to the attention of the doctor a big lump in my right side. Another worry and more surgery when he was two months old. The problem had been caused by the gangrene that couldn't be cleaned out under the womb before and had formed a large abscess and destroyed the right ovary.

That operation caused a lot of pain and misery but I recovered and was warned by the doctor not to plan on any more children for quite a while.

Melvin's mother, and others I am sure, thought I would never have any more children but I just had faith and never worried that I wouldn't.

We were doubly blessed when Marilyn, with lots of black hair, was born on Mar. 7, 1951 weighing in at 7 pounds 12 ounces and I was so happy that I cried for the first two hours every time someone mentioned my darling baby.

Her Grandfather Moulton called her "Little Black Sambo" at first sight when he saw her.



1946

I had a severe case of mumps when Marilyn was three months old and maybe that or a combination of other circumstances was the reason I could never have any more children. I fretted about it for several years, went to several specialists who might help me, tried to adopt children and finally decided to fully enjoy the two we had realizing how fully blessed we were to have a son and a daughter when I looked around and saw some couples with none.

Through the years we did take other children in to take care of for short periods.

When one of our renters, Janice Johnson, needed major surgery and had a two-week old darling baby girl I took care of her for two to three weeks until Janice could take her home (and I cried). That was in about 1963.

When Marilyn was in Sixth Grade Bp. Harold Smith was asked to find a suitable family that a girl of the same age from Salt Lake could live with for 2 or 3 weeks. She needed to get out of S.L. in the spring because of severe allergy problems which almost caused her death the year before.

Small petite blond Linda Schearrer came to live with us. She attended school with Marilyn and they got along well together and I suspected even connived with each other to be sick the same day and stay home from school. I also felt badly & shed tears when her mother came after her.

Her parents were very grateful to us because they felt doing that saved her life. That condition improved for her in the following years but she lost her life along with a daughter in an automobile accident when she was about 29 years old.

When Marilyn was in 10th grade Lila Becenti, a Navajo Indian from New Mexico, the same age but in 9th grade, came to live with us on the Indian Placement Program. She was so shy around us but was talkative with Marilyn and her own friends after she go acquainted.

She came with about two outfits so I sewed and sewed on school clothes for her. By spring she had almost grown out of them because she had gained from 85 pounds to about 105 pounds.

She loved candy and lots of sugar on her cereal. One time when I was trying to explain that it was bad for her teeth to eat so much sugar she looked at me with a puzzled expression and said, "But I swallow it!" Another time when I told her she was eating too much candy and the weight gain was making her clothes too tight she replied, "But look at my legs, they're still too skinny".

She only lived with us one year, graduated from Cedar City High School, went back to New Mexico where she died about age 25 from kidney failure about a year after a kidney transplant.

Stacey Overlade from Provo, a friend of Marilyn's from BYU, lived with us the summer after their freshman year while they both worked as stewardesses on the Heber Creeper. She was such a good likable gal and we enjoyed having her.



Spring - 1963



Oct. - 1963



Spring - 1968

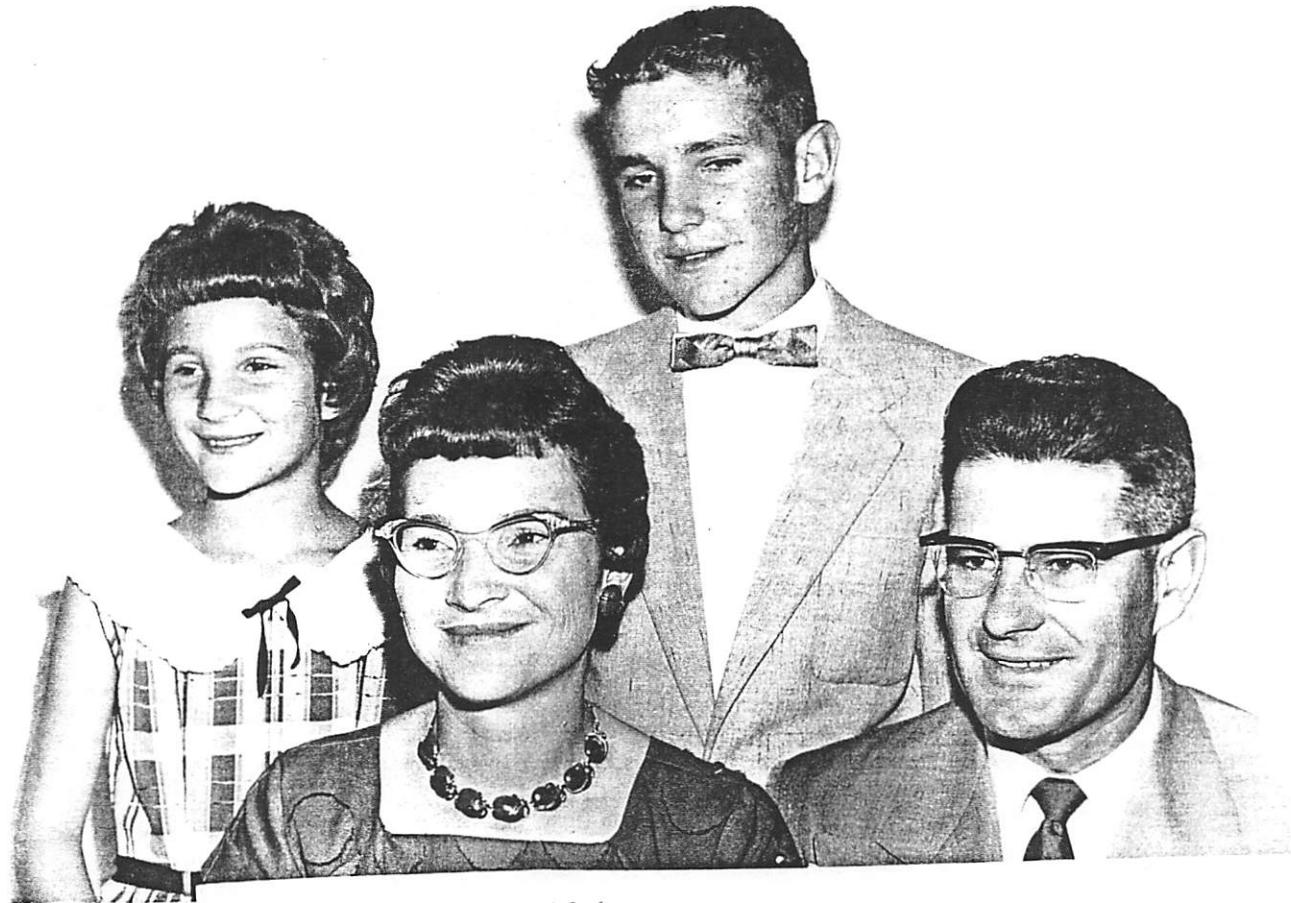
We've learned through the years of our children growing up just how fast that time frame from babyhood to college and on to marriage passes by.

This picture was taken May 7, 1952 when Marilyn was 14 months and Michael was almost five years old.



This picture of the "Handsome Dude", who is my husband, was taken in 1959 which was the Centennial of Heber Valley and all the men were supposed to grow beards for a contest.

I titled the picture "There's Gold in Them Thar Teeth!"



1960



1966

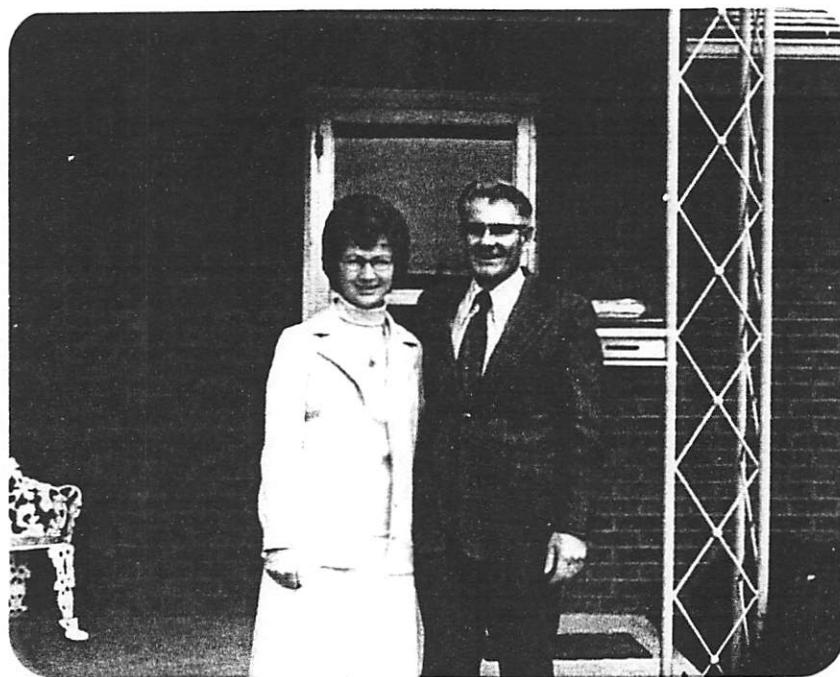
Through the years as our children were growing up I was busy with church callings, helping them with their piano lessons, accompanying Michael for saxophone solos, PTA officer for several years, volunteer for many civic drives & functions, chairman for a lot of them, 4-H leader for ten years starting on projects in early spring & taking the girls through 3 or 4 projects by Fair time. There were seven girls in the Ward who were like my girls right along with Marilyn.

I also took piano lessons from a BYU professor who came to Heber for two summers and organ lessons later on from Roy Darley, Assistant Tabernacle Organist, who came from Salt Lake for about four years before he was given an assignment to go to the Hyde Park Chapel in New York.

And last but not least I was chief bookkeeper and secretary (the only one) for our young business and was able to do all the work at home while the children were growing up.

In the summer of 1954 we started our new house (picture in Melvin's history) out in front of the little "garage house" on our lot. We built on it as we could afford it but finally borrowed \$5,000.00 to finish it and get in by Christmas of 1955. We were bursting at the seams in our little house and Marilyn was almost four and Michael was 8½ by then.

It was rather hard on us to go out at 9:00 P. M. after they were in bed and work until 1:00 or 2:00 A. M. so it was a wonderful Christmas that year to be moved in it, even without much furniture and no drapes at any of the windows



At our house at 127 East 300 North, Heber 1955

I was called to be Primary President of the Heber 6th Ward on Sept. 6, 1959, serving for almost 9 years and also as Sunday School organist for 2 years of that time.

That was when Sunday School was on Sunday mornings with about 45 min. opening exercises, then one hour classes. Sacrament Meeting was Sunday evening & Primary was after school on Tuesdays.

I was released as Primary President on Feb. 11, 1968 and I will have to admit that I was totally ready for that release.

I served as Wasatch Stake Primary organist from 1958 to when I went in as President in 1959.



Primary Pres., 1959-196...

When we were put back in the Heber First Ward I was called to be Relief Society President on May 2, 1971 and served in that position until Feb. 1, 1976 and also was Ward Organist part of that time. We held Relief Society on a week day then because that was before we went to the consolidated block plan of the present day meetings.

Other church callings have included: R. S. Visiting Teacher (probably 35 to 40 years by now); pianist for Primary, M.I.A. and Relief Society (probably for a total of 30 to 32 years for the three); teacher for Primary, M.I.A. and Relief Society; Sunday School In-Service Leader; Family History Extraction for 4 years; Ward Family History Consultant; full-time mission with my husband to the Illinois Peoria Mission from March 1993 to Sept. 1994; publisher for the Ward Newsletter & the Ward weekly bulletin; and presently serving as a Stake Missionary in the Washington Utah Stake.



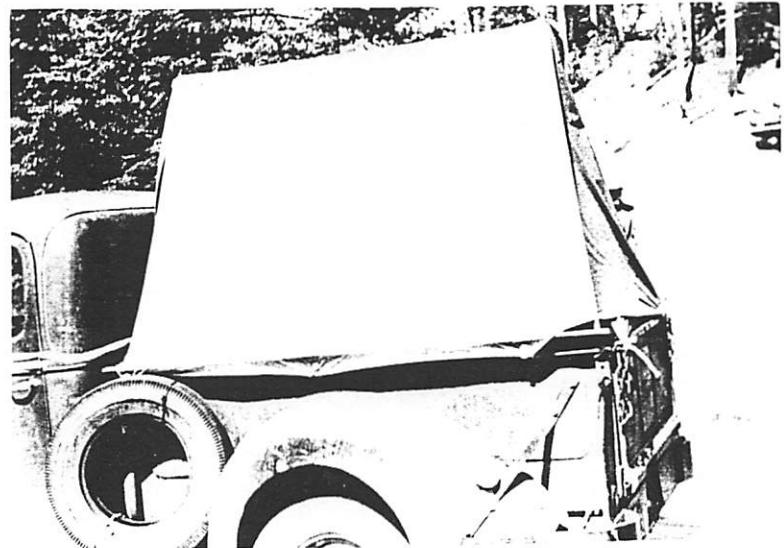
R. S. Pres., 1971 to 1976

We enjoyed our children as they grew up going to Bear Lake (always with friends along), going on trips to Southern Utah, Disney-land, the Northwest & Colorado, or just riding out through the mountains (either on Tote Goats or in the truck).

This picture of our "cheap" motel for our first trip together to Yellowstone in 1950.

Below is a picture of more modern transportation and motel with children & grandchildren.

The picture below was with Rebecca & Krisann in 1984 on a trip to Glacier Park & Canada.



It was lonesome around the house as our children started leaving for college and they and their friends weren't around much. From the time they were little we enjoyed having their friends at our house rather than wonder where they were.

Michael met Margaret Ann Winters from Afton, Wyoming soon after he started college at BYU and we were totally impressed with her the first time we met her.

As he left on his church mission to England in Oct. 1966 to the North British Mission, we hoped she would be around and still interested in him when he arrived home in Oct. 1968.

As it turned out she decided to go on a mission also and didn't arrive home from the Southern States Mission for about five months after he came home. We were surely happy when she consented to marry him and they were married on June 19, 1969 in the Salt Lake Temple.

He worked part time in the family business as he completed his college education and graduated with a degree in business management. His father was happy to have him stay as a partner in the business.

The house was really lonesome when Marilyn went off to college at the "Y" in the fall of 1969. She enjoyed our neighbor, Mary Carlson, as a sister and roommate. They had been best of friends since Mary moved to our neighborhood from Charleston during Jr. High years. We always called her our "second daughter" and we all missed her when she herself got married after college graduation.

Marilyn dated quite a few young men at college and some of them wanted to get serious but she was always very prayerful about her dating and knew they weren't the "one and only". When she met Richard Hymas through Stacey Overlade's sister (who were neighbors of Rick's) she knew he was nicer and better.

The first time we met him was when he brought her from Provo to see her little French poodle, Holly's, new day-old puppy. Marilyn was so thrilled with the little puppy; Rick wasn't too impressed, but we were impressed with him.

After a year and a half courtship they were married May 30, 1975 in the Provo Temple.

We have been blessed with twelve beautiful grandchildren to love and enjoy which made up for the ones we weren't privileged to have.

Michael's and Ann's eight are: Eric John, Paul Francis, Rebecca Ann, Michael Scott, Krisann, David E., Nathan Winters and Emily Ann, whom we lost on June 4, 1985 in a tragic accident at 19 months.

Marilyn's and Rick's four children are: Jeffrey Richard, Ryan John, Jill and Brett Merrill.

And now as of this date (Dec. 1997) we have been blessed to become great-grandparents to four beautiful little boys: Kimball Von and Jefferson Von, twins of Rebecca & Neil Von Mahoney; Matthew Eric, son of Eric & Michelle Crane Moulton; McKay Paul, son of Paul & Alison Benson Moulton.

So far the four oldest grandsons, Eric, Paul, Scott & Jeffrey, have fulfilled missions and we hope the rest will have a desire to also do so.

Our hopes, desires and prayers are that each one of our grandchildren & great-grandchildren will pattern their lives after the example of their elder brother, Jesus Christ, and always stay on the right path towards eternal life where we can all be together as an eternal family.

I know that this is our Heavenly Father's plan for us in this life to have the struggles, trials, rewards, sadness, happiness, growth in knowledge & testimony as we work our way and overcome the pitfalls that my come to us in order for us to fulfill the real purpose of this earth life and reach our eventual goal, that of eternal life with our heavenly parents and our earthly families together.

I am so grateful to my own dear parents for their examples and teachings and I pray I haven't let them down in any way, but I fear I have at times.

I am thankful for the Prophet Joseph Smith who was chosen to be an instrument in the Lord's hands to restore the gospel of the true church back to the earth in this dispensation. My mission to Nauvoo and Carthage made me realize even more what he endured and suffered, never denying the things & experiences he knew to be true, right up to his martyrdom when he sealed his testimony with his own blood. Likewise, I know Pres. Hinckley, our living prophet today was chosen by God.

I know that Jesus Christ is my elder brother, that the Book of Mormon is true. I am so grateful for a good husband who honors his priesthood & for our wonderful children & grandchildren. Amen.



Marilyn + Rick - 1975



Michael + Ann - 1969

The fall after Marilyn was married and I had done so much sewing before the wedding on quilts, bridesmaids' dresses, etc., I decided to enter the County "Make It Yourself With Wool" contest. I tailored a three-piece outfit of jacket, skirt and pants with a lot of detail work and topstitching. After winning the county contest and going to the state and winning there I was even more shocked. More about the contest is on a following page. So by the time all this was over I was totally tired of sewing.

Also on a following page is a story about my most memorable Christmas and I mention my father being a jolly man. Apparently my Grandfather McDonald liked to tell stories and tall tales and my father inherited some of that. For example, here are two of the stories he told: He was out in the forest one time when a bear started to chase after him. He ran very fast and beat the bear up a tree, but the bear came up right after him. Well, he just reached in that bear's mouth and got a hold of its tail and the bear ran right back down the tree!

*and turned
the bear
inside out* The other story took place out in the forest also when he was hunting deer. His wife had packed a lunch for him with a fresh peach in it. He was hunting with a bow and arrows and when a big buck deer appeared and he was out of arrows he took the peach pit and shot the deer in the side with it. But it wasn't enough to kill the deer and it ran off down the other side of the hill. The next year as he was again deer hunting here came a big buck deer over the hill and lo! it had a peach tree growing out its side! (I don't know whether to blame that story on my father or grandfather.)

Back to my story now. After our children were married and on their own and we were on top of the business better with Michael able and willing to take care of it, we were privileged to take some wonderful trips together. Our first nice trip though to England and Europe in Sept. & Oct. of 1974 was before Marilyn got married and we took her and with Carol & Glenn as our "Tour Guide" we had a wonderful tour by rented car after we left England to Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and France. In 1985 we went with a tour group, this time with Leah & Earl along, and took a tour of those same countries plus Belgium, Liechtenstein, Italy, Monaco and Spain.

Other tours have taken us to Eastern Canada & New England, the Deep South, a Church History Tour to Vermont & other early church history sites, Alaska, Hawaii, both islands of New Zealand, Australia, Tahiti, Mexico & Cancun and a Caribbean Cruise.

But the most spiritual one and the one that we are always reminded of especially at Christmas time is our last one which was to the Holy Land in Israel in Feb. 1996. I couldn't help but to shed tears in the sites where Jesus walked & taught & where he suffered so much for all mankind.

Our most memorable experience together though would have to be our church mission together to Nauvoo and Carthage. In Nov. of 1992 Michael had us called into his office at the Stake Center and as our Stake President said, "I'm not asking you if you want to go on a mission, I am calling you on a mission!"

So I retired from my part-time work at the family business (after almost 46 years) at the end of Jan. 1993, John Melvin quit working about the middle of March and we left for the Seniors Missionary Training Center on Mar. 29, 1993 for two weeks. Our call was to the Illinois Peoria Mission with service at the Nauvoo Visitors Center & Historical Sites.

We enjoyed and bonded well with the two couples who would go to Nauvoo also, Elder Max and Sis. Dora Larsen from Huntington, Utah and Elder Justin and Sis. Anne Covington from Draper. We all arrived in Nauvoo on April 14, met with our Director, were assigned our living quarters and sites where we would serve, John M. in the Blacksmith Shop and I was in the Scovil Bakery.

On Sept. 10, 1993 we were transferred to the Visitors Center & Historical Carthage Jail to serve where we stayed until we were released on Sept. 11, 1994.

That year at Carthage was so special. It was a rewarding and fulfilling spiritual experience to serve with my wonderful companion in serving the Lord and sharing our many experiences together. To be there during the sesquicentennial commemoration of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum was an extra rewarding and interesting experience.

All of the missionary couples serving in Nauvoo became special friends and a special bond formed among all of us. In the eighteen months we became acquainted with about 82 couples.

All senior couples had to be in the show which was performed in the Historic Cultural Hall for the entertainment of the visitors three nights a week was a concern for all of us in trying to memorize the songs, skits and speaking parts, but when it all came together it was a fun, interesting experience.

3 winners named in wool contest



Seamstresses Cami Law, Carma Kendall and Barbara Noulton get most votes.



Barbara Moulton to represent Utah at national finals in Wichita

The District Make It Yourself With Wool Contest was held Nov. 29.

The two contest winners who were selected to represent Wasatch County at the state contest were Barbara M. Moulton, Adult Division, and Paulette Webster, Senior Division.

Barbara is the wife of Melvin Moulton. She modeled a beautifully tailored burgundy wool suit which had perfectly top-stitched details.

At the state competition she won first place in the Adult Division and will go to Wichita, Kan., in January to represent Utah in the national finals.

Paulette is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Blaine Webster. She modeled a suit which combined a camel plaid jacket with cow-littered camel pants.

All contestants of our district

contest were awarded prizes. Merla Wilson, Jolene Probst and Diane Mair received Coats & Clark sewing books. Vivienne Probst received a Dritz cutting board. Rachelle Webster, Monta Crook and Shirley Cummings received wool skirt lengths. These prizes were provided by national sponsors.

Commentator for the fashion show was Dawn Nelson. Judges were Sharon Wright of Salt Lake City and Josie Hicken of Heber.

The Woolgrowers Auxiliary sponsor this competition and Jane Jordan, District Director, wish to thank everyone who participated.

Barbara Moulton said she would encourage everyone to remember the district contest for next November "because with all the beautiful work accomplished by seamstresses in the valley. We could have a state winner every year."

Wool clothing in a variety of colors and styles was modeled by 40 skilled seamstresses for the Utah "Make It Yourself With Wool Contest" Wednesday night at the Salt Lake Hilton.

The pageant, sponsored by the Women's Auxiliary, Utah Woolgrowers Association, followed preliminary contests throughout the state.

Soft, warm, comfortable and versatile, wool has been a boon to man since the Stone Age, said Mrs. Welby Aagard, auxiliary president.

Formals, coats trimmed with white lamb's wool, pantsuits, dresses, jumpsuits and many other articles were made and modeled by the contestants, said Mrs. Roy Judd, state contest director.

The three division winners advance to the national contest in Wichita, Kan., Jan. 27.

Cami Law, Sandy, won the junior division wearing her plaid coat creation.

A Brigham Young University coed, Carma Kendall, Ogden, won the senior division, modeling a plaid skirt and a single color three-quarter length coat.

Mrs. Barbara Noulton, Heber City, was winner of the adult division for her wool suit.

During earlier committee sessions for the woolgrowers and Utah Cattlemen's Association, a report was given on the struggle to control predators.

Barbara Moulton places 5th

At the national "Make It Yourself With Wool" contest held in Wichita, Kan., Barbara Moulton placed 5th in the adult division in the national finals competition.

As the winner of the state contest held in December, she was Utah's representative in her division to the national contest in Wichita, which was held in conjunction with the National Woolgrowers' Convention Jan. 25-29.

Vern Wilson of Midway, who is a director from Utah in the National Woolgrower's Association and the American Sheep Producers Council also attended the convention.

THE CHRISTMAS I REMEMBER BEST...

Sis. Barbara Moulton

My memories of experiences with my father are very limited, since he died when I was young, so I always recall the few Christmases spent with him as some of my choicest memories.

Now he was what you could rate a first-class substitute for Santa. He was stocky-built with a round tummy that really could shake like a bowl full of jelly and as far as being jolly, he could put Santa to shame any day.

It was a Christmas tradition at our house that after he had started the fires in the old coal heaters in the dining room and in the parlor (where the tree stood in the center of the room, nearly touching the high ceiling), he would throw open the door at the bottom of the stair steps and joyfully call out, "CHRISTMAS GIFT"!

You can be sure that after a sleepless night of eagerness and anxiety, all of us jumped out of bed and down those steep steps faster than any other time of year.

This particular Christmas morning as we entered the parlor to find our stockings brimming full with an orange, apple, banana, nuts and candy, we observed further evidences of Santa having been there. There was a tipped-over rocking chair in the corner by the door leading out onto the porch, the door was left a little ajar, and of course my father had a logical explanation.

"Well--look here, one of you children must have made a noise that startled Santa and he left in such a hurry that he tipped the chair over and left the door open in his rush to his sleigh--and what's this?" As we looked on the floor by the rocker, there we found a few peanuts. "Why Santa must have a hole in his bag!"

Out on the porch were a few more peanuts and much to the delight of all of us, we found a trail of nuts here and there clear down our long, tree-lined path to the front gate and right to where (according to explanation) "Santa got in his sleigh right here."

My father surely made believers out of all of us younger children and some of the "older doubters" for certain that year.

Written for Relief Society - 1983

All missions are difficult in one way or another if the responsibilities are taken care of the way they are supposed to be whether it be long hours, stressful proselytizing or whatever the case. With us in Nauvoo it was long hours from early morning cookie making to late hours after the shows. In Carthage it was long hours from early morning building janitor work to late visitors who couldn't make it during regular hours and only had that one night to visit Carthage.

After the number of visitors decreased from running our legs off from April to October we did recording work for the Hancock County Historical Society during the winter slack hours at the Center.

When we were officially released by Elder Arthur Elrey, our Director, on Sept. 11, 1994, we had our car totally & completely packed in every inch, finished last minute details in the house cleaning and bid farewell to Carthage we departed to drive to Branson in southern Missouri for a couple of days there to see some of the entertaining shows. What few we were able to see out of the many that are available were very well done and enjoyable.

We then drove back to Independence, Missouri where my brother, Hiram, his wife Anne were serving a Public Affairs Mission. It was so nice to have them there for most of the time we were in Nauvoo because with their area they had to cover they were able to come and see us several times as they were on their way to different cities to give training seminars, etc. We always looked forward to their visits so much to have contact with family even though the time was short for visiting.

They took us to the Church historical sites around that area which happened to be on our 48th wedding anniversary and we left there early the next morning to start our drive home and be to Utah by Sunday evening Sept. 18 to Centerville for our grandson, Jeff's, Eagle Scout Award program. We made it about one hour early and it was wonderful to see Marilyn & Rick and their family again and we were proud of Jeff for his accomplishment.

We arrived home to beautiful Heber Valley about 10 P.M. and went directly to see Michael & Ann and their children. How wonderful it was to see all of our family members again and our Ward members the next Sunday on Sept. 25 when we gave our mission report.

I wouldn't have been blessed to have had all these wonderful times and experiences if it had not been for the eternal companion I have been blessed to share them with. I don't really know how come I was so lucky and blessed to get such a good husband--far better than I deserved. Although I didn't know him when he was going through all the near-death experiences that he faced in the war, I am so grateful to our Heavenly Father for preserving his life so he could come home and meet me.

I have often told him that if every husband treated their wives the way he treats me there would be no marital problems in the world. I'm so grateful to Dewey & Blanche Moulton for the fine son they raised. He is so thoughtful, considerate, compassionate, polite, loving, etc., etc.

He is a very patient man also (he is only human though, he does lose his cool a little once in a while when he is trying to repair something). But I have never seen such patience and determination when he makes up his mind he is going to do the job correctly the way it should be done. This has paid off many times and he has saved us a lot of money through the years by being able to repair practically everything from plumbing, electrical, vehicles, household appliances, and you name it.

So once again I will express how thankful I am to him for being the wonderful husband, father, grandfather and great grandfather that he is and making this past 51 years such a good and wonderful life together.

Above all, I give thanks to my Heavenly Father for his many blessings to me, for his patience and understanding, for the wonderful parents, brothers & sisters I have been privileged to have and too many blessings to count. I hope and pray I will always show appreciation and express my gratitude for these many things.

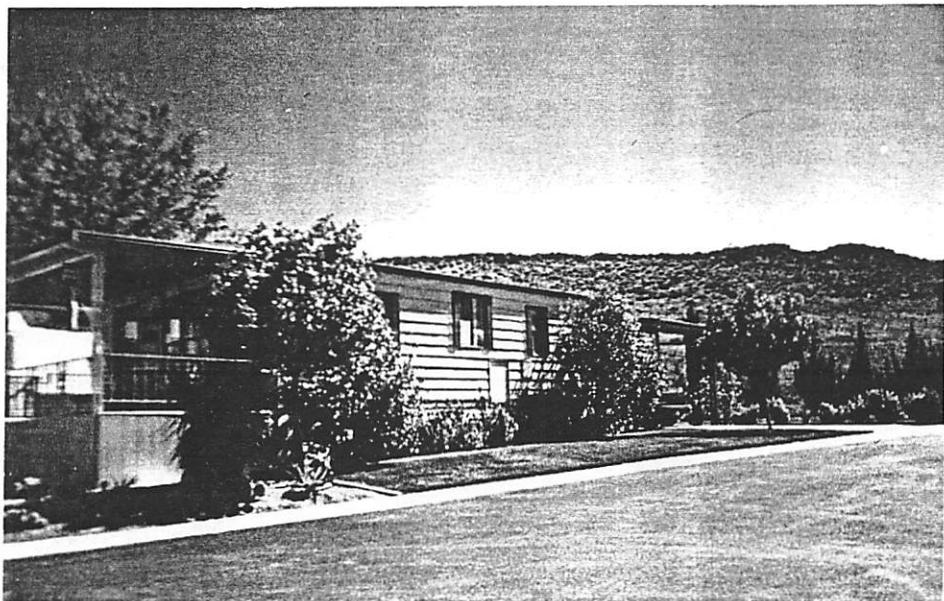
Our Posterity as of April 1982



The two grandchildren
who were born after
the picture above was
taken in 1982.

Brett Merrill Hymas
Born Aug. 17, 1983

We built this house at 345 N. 100 E., Heber, and moved in it on March 10, 1980. It was supposed to be a retirement house, but we were too busy to retire.



Our "Play House" in Washington, Utah. We bought it in 1986 and added the deck and extended the living room in 1995.

We have really enjoyed the time we have spent there.

Our trip to Israel in Feb. 1996 at the Mount of Olives with Hiram & Anne.



50 Years Together!
Sept. 16, 1946-Sept. 16, 1996



I was born:

of goodly parents and grandparents. I envy people that have had close relationships with lots of good memories of grandparents. But since, I did not have the opportunity to know my grandparents, and as I start this history with a brief history of them, I will have to rely on histories that have been written and what I have been told, rather than memories, to write about them.

Only one grandparent (my father's father) was alive when I was born, but died when I was about three, so the only memory I have of him is maybe just a slight recollection of sitting on his lap once. He was Joseph Smith McDonald born Oct 15, 1842, in Crawfordsburn, Down County, Ireland, the ninth child and sixth son in the family of ten children born to James McDonald and Clarah Ferguson. His name held great meaning to his parents as only the previous year had heard and had accepted the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Grandfather was fifteen months old when his parents sold their house, the family possessions for about \$200.00, packed up their eight living children, and left Ireland to sail for Liverpool, England, and thence to America. They sailed for America on Apr. 23, 1844 in a small ship (with sails for power - no steamship) with about 210 saints on board. They arrived at New Orleans, about six weeks later, on Mar. 7, 1844.

The Prophet, Joseph Smith, had sent his steamboat, the "Maid of Iowa" to meet them with Capt. Dan Jones and take them back up the Mississippi River to Nauvoo. Normally it goes right up the river, this trip would be about 10 days, but it took them five weeks to make it for various reasons, along with being pestered by anti-Mormons at every stop.

Upon their arrival at Nauvoo on Sat., Apr. 13, 1844, there were many people, including Hyrum Smith, who had come to see the ship come in and meet them. Since it was evening and most of the saints had no place to go, they were grateful for the privilege of remaining aboard ship for the Sabbath, which brought a thrill that far excelled their wildest dreams. They met their Prophet face to face, who came on board to preach on that Sabbath rainy day. Exactly two months later on June 27, 1844, the Prophet + his brother Hyrum were killed, and by the time Grandfather had reached his 4th birthday, the mob had driven them from Nauvoo.

The family lived in several villages in Iowa while working + preparing to make the trek west + left for Salt Lake Valley on June 12, 1853. They had only been traveling for 5 days when the dreaded cholera epidemic struck. My great-grandfather, James McDonald, died + was buried by the North Platte River in Nebraska leaving his wife with seven living children to make the trek on west. They arrived in S.L.C. Valley on Sept. 12, 1850, about one month before Grandfather's eighth birthday.

After six weeks of repairing and replenishing their equipment, the family was advised to settle at Alpine, because of the exceptional grazing land available. It was Oct. by then and the winter was long and severely cold and the snow was deep. In March, they decided to move on to Springville to be near other family members and friends.

Grandfather McDonald moved to Heber Valley when he was eighteen years old, along with his mother. The other living brothers and sisters had all married by this time, 1860. It was here in Heber that he met his bride-to-be, Nancy Elizabeth Cummings.

From talking with two older cousins of mine, Ruby McD. Compton and Lelia McD. Coleman, who remember Grandfather, they described him as jovial, fun-loving, liked to play games with the children and tease them, and loved to tell yarns.

An example of his tall tales that he loved to tell to his grand children as they gathered around in excited anticipation of another story was this: "One fall day when I was deer hunting, I had just used my last bullet when a big buck deer came over the mountain. All I had were some peach pits from some peaches I had been eating, so I used one of them and shot the deer. But it just ran off through the woods. The next year while I was hunting in about the same area, lo! and behold! there came a buck deer wandering down the mountain with a peach tree growing out of its side!" I wish I could have known my grandfather McDonald. He worked hard as a farmer & raising stock. He was blind for several years before his death, but endured to the end, and died Feb. 15, 1930, 87 years 5 months of age.

But Grandfather was always proud of the fact that he was a first Lieutenant in the U.S. Army during the Blackhawk Indian War, and was one of the men, along with Capt. Joseph Thurlow, who was instrumental in finally getting the Peace Treaty with Chief Tabby and the Indians agreed upon to finally gain peace & understanding with the Indians. And through all his altercations with the Indians through many years, he lived to relate many hair-raising experiences about them, many times over, before his death at his home in Blaniel in 1930.

My Grandmother, Nancy Elizabeth Cummings, was born on Sept. 7 1843 at Nauvoo, Illinois, the 4th daughter and 6th child born to John Cummings and Rachel Canada. The parents and the first five of their children were contented in Tennessee until they heard the gospel message which they accepted readily even though to do so meant persecution from friends & neighbors.

Thorough preparations were made in secret, and in 1842 John and Rachel with their five little children, all under eight years of age, slipped quietly away to join with the saints in Nauvoo, where Nancy Elizabeth was born the next year.

The Cummings family was among those expelled from Nauvoo in 1846, with three-year-old Nancy being too young to understand the suffering and sacrifice that prevailed.

They crossed the state of Iowa that year and established themselves at Hollow Grove about five miles from Kanesville which was adjacent to Council Bluff. They remained there five years, then on June 24 1852 they started for Zion, where they arrived on Oct. 1, 1852. The mountain wilderness seethed with immigrants. Ten thousand saints had crossed the plains that summer. After a brief rest the Cummings family moved on to Provo where they arrived on Oct. 12, 1852.

Nine years later the family joined with those who had begun the colonization of Provo Valley, now known as Heber City. They built their one room log home, which later boasted a "lean-to," on the west side of Main Street between 3rd and 4th north.

My grandmother, Nancy Elizabeth, was a radiant girl of 18 years when she met her groom-to-be. A courtship sprang up immediately and in 1863 the wedding afforded occasion for celebration. They had little of worldly goods to begin with, but with determination and youthful energy they were soon comfortable in the new cabin, which the McDonald brothers helped Joseph build for his bride on the corner of 4th north and 1st West. That was just through the block from her parents' home and only three blocks from the log home the McDonald boys had constructed for their mother, Sarah.

The tranquility of Joseph's and Nancy's early married years was disturbed by the outbreak of the Black Hawk Indian War. The Indians had caused much trouble for grandfather from the time he had come West until after the peace treaty was signed with them after this war.

Married life was eventful for Nancy, but relatively short. As they prospered with the years, their family increased, and the original log room was added on to as they became parents of four boys and three girls, all of whom grew to adulthood. After 18 short years of marriage and not quite two months after her 38th birthday, Nancy died on Oct. 18, 1881, leaving the children ranging in age from two years to seventeen years.

My grandfather said of her, "She made me a good partner, always agreeable and nice..." And as I study her picture, I imagine she was soft-spoken, easy-going, well-mannered and a very likeable personality. If I could have known her, I know I would have loved her dearly. One time when I was about sixteen and Mother had French-braided my hair, I had the picture box out looking at old pictures. When I came across Grandmother's picture (the one like the picture of her on the previous pages) my Mother looked at it, then at me and said, "Why Barbara, you look a lot like your Grandmother McDonald."

I'm sure Grandfather was a very lonely man after her death. He remarried two years later to Mary Melinda Jones, Grandmother's sister's daughter, who was 19 years his junior. They in turn had ten children, making Grandfather the father of seventeen children. He and Mary Melinda remained in the old home in Heber until 1891 when they moved to Buysville Ward (now Daniel) and homesteaded 160 acres of land.*



FATHER OF
MY FATHER'S FATHER
James McDonald



MY FATHER'S FATHER
Joseph Smith McDonald



MY MOTHER'S FATHER
Johannes Sonderegger



MOTHER OF
MY FATHER'S FATHER
Sarah Jane Ferguson



MY FATHER'S MOTHER
Nancy Elizabeth Cummings



MY MOTHER'S MOTHER
Bertha Buehler

* My information on my McDonald grandparents was taken from the James McDonald Sarah Ferguson genealogy book and from Grandfather's personal history.

Daniel

Ward, Wasatch

Stake

No. 10

Certificate of Blessing

This Certifies that Barbara McDonald

Daughter of Joseph B. McDonald and Minnie Sonderegger

Son or Daughter

Father's Name

Mother's Maiden Name

born 15 December 1926, at Daniel Wasatch County Utah

CITY OR TOWN, COUNTY, STATE OR NATION

was blessed 6 February 1927, by Joseph B. McDonald

of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Bishop

John H. Barker

Clerk

My father was Bishop at this time, but forgot to sign the certificate on the line as Bishop.

Recorded in the Daniel Ward Record of Members
Book C., Line 177 John H. Barker
Ward Clerk

Daniel

Ward

Wasatch

Stake

No. 63

Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation

Date

Jan. 13, 1935

This Certifies that Barbara McDonald

Daughter of Joseph B. McDonald and Minnie Sonderegger

Son or Daughter

Father's Name

Mother's Maiden Name

Born 15 Dec. 1926, at Daniel Wasatch, Utah

Date

City or Town

County

State or Nation

was baptized January 13, 1935, by Owen Probst, Elder

Date

Elder or Priest

and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 13 Jan. 1935

Date

by Elder Joseph B. McDonald

Signed John H. Barker

Clerk

Signed Jos. A. Orgill

Bishop

TEMPLE RECOMMEND

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

BISHOP OR BRANCH
PRESIDENT:

MAIL OR DELIVER THIS
COPY TO TEMPLE. DO
NOT GIVE TO APPLICANT.

1.

NAME IN FULL. DO NOT USE ABBREVIATIONS OR INITIALS

ISSUED TO Barbara McDonald A MEMBER OF RECORD.

TO RECEIVE ORDINANCES SPECIFIED HEREIN. STATE PRIESTHOOD HELD

CHECK MARRIAGE STATUS THUS V. SINGLE MARRIED WIDOWER WIDOW

2.

CHECK THUS V ORDINANCES TO BE RECEIVED

OWN ENDOWMENT

MARRIAGE: (LICENSED)

(PREVIOUSLY MARRIED)

CIVIL MARRIAGE—DATE

PLACE

SEALING TO PARENTS

BAPTISM FOR DEAD ONLY

ALL ORDINANCES FOR THE DEAD

3.

FILL IN COMPLETELY IF RECOMMENDED FOR OWN ENDOWMENT, MARRIAGE OR SEALING TO PARENTS

BIRTH DATE Dec 15 1926

BIRTH PLACE

TOWN

COUNTY

BAPTISM DATE 13 Jan 1935

STATE OR COUNTRY

FATHER'S NAME Joseph C. McDonald

MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME

Minnie Sanderagger

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE, GROOM OR BRIDE TO BE

Johit Melvin Moulton

4.

DATE ISSUED Sept. 9 1946

FOR Salt Lake

TEMPLE

FROM D. C. I. C.

WARD OR BRANCH

Wasatch

STAKE OR MISSION

Hudson McDonald

Heber C.

SIGNATURE OF STAKE OR MISSION PRESIDENT

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR TEMPLE USE.

LICENSED

OWN ENDOWMENT

PREVIOUSLY MARRIED

TO BE SEALED

THIS RECOMMEND EXPIRES:

MAR. 31 NEXT

SEPT. 30 NEXT

JOSEPH C. MC DONALD -- A DEAR FATHER

By Hiram McDonald

"There was not a chink in his armor."

"There was no guile in his soul."

"There was not a flaw in his character."

And so it was with my father, Joseph C. McDonald. Though those words were said about someone else, they fitted perfectly the life and character of this beloved man. If he had a fault, it was that he was so generous to others with his time and equipment that some took advantage of him.

Joe McDonald, or "Buzzy" as he was frequently and fondly called, never sought public office. He never sat on a school board. He was a farmer all his life. Yet his influence for good has trickled down through the years.

I remember Dad from my earliest years, when we all called him Papa. He was 59 years old when I was born to my dear mother, Minnie Sonderegger Witt McDonald, who was 19 years younger than Dad. Our two lives, as of this date (December, 1993), have spanned 127 years. He died in 1937 when I was only 12.

Yet I see him still, and those memories change with the seasons. In the springtime I can see him behind a team of horses on the sulky plow turning over the dark, rock-strewn soil on our farm in Daniel. And in summer there he is, he and Vernon pitching hay onto the wagon while Barbara and I tromped it so we could take it off with a Jackson fork. Or irrigating the land with his big boots on, patiently dragging dams around the ditches to turn the water out onto the thirsty alfalfa or grain.

And in the fall I am following along behind him, picking up potatoes from the ground as he turns over a furrow with the horses and plow. Or picking apples in our big orchard to sell in town or -- what happened more frequently - to give away to the neighbors.

In winter I see him again, this time sawing big blocks of ice from the ice pond at the Heber grist mill and hauling it home on the horse-drawn sleigh to store in our sawdust shed for the summer. Or making big freezers full of ice cream to deliver by sleigh on Washington's birthday around the Daniel Ward. He loved to delight others with his own brand of service projects.

Dad was not a tall man. I would guess he was about 5 ft. 9 in. tall, rather portly (190 pounds or so), with a round face and thin hair on top that he combed over his bald spot. Except for the hair, I think he looked much like my brother Vernon. He always wore wire-rimmed glasses, and bib overalls to work in. On Sunday he dressed up in his best suit. He had a gold watch with a silver chain and small knife that he wore across his stomach as they did in those days. And he was not only generous, but very patient.

He loved the Church. He was bishop of the Daniel Ward for 13 years, and in the bishopric for 26 years. Because he sang it so many times, I always thought that the song "I Know That My Redeemer Lives" must be his favorite. But he sang many different Church songs. And he always practiced what he preached about being kind and loving to others and to forgive your neighbor.

His forgiveness must have been a little difficult for him on occasion. I remember something had angered our neighbor, Amy Nunley, and she came over swearing and yelling at Dad. She picked up a big stick in the yard to hit Dad over the head, and fortunately Vern grabbed it just in time to save him from a bad whack on the head. It was the only time I ever remember anyone being angry at Dad.

What made him nearest and dearest to me -- as I'm sure it did to my other five siblings -- was the unique opportunity on the farm always to be working with him. Yes, I did my share of complaining about how hard the work was, and how I hated to herd cows even though Old Ring, our Collie dog, did most of the work.

But our growing-up years were made golden because of the influence of this good man and our wonderful mother. I was a grown man in the Army before I found out that a lot of people had gone through unhappy childhoods.

In my very earliest years, I remember how he loved the Christmas season. On Christmas morning he liked to yell up the steep stairway to the children above: "Christmas gift! Christmas gift!" We knew it was time to get up to see what Santa had brought. And though the gifts were few in those depression years of the 1930s, our hearts were always aglow. There was always a stocking full of candy and nuts with an orange or a pomegranate in the bottom -- a rare treat.

I'll never forget the year we followed Santa's trail down the long front walk to his sleigh out front. It was easy to follow, because he had torn a hole in his sack and candy was dropped along the path. Barbara remembers that a rocking chair near the door was tipped over and the door left slightly ajar as Santa made a hasty exit after presumably hearing one of us children.

Or the year Dad got a lump of coal and a stick of wood in his stocking because, he said, he hadn't been very good that year.

The only time I ever remember him chastising me was when Barbara and I were supposed to be picking apples and we had played in the orchard for perhaps a couple of hours instead. He carried a little dry stick with him and gave us each a whack with it, which wounded my feelings far more than it ever hurt my body. I think the stick broke the first time he used it.

Two of my dearest memories of Dad were the year I helped snake out the dry trees for our winter wood in Strawberry Valley, and the year I helped him drive four or five head of cattle up Daniel Canyon onto the forest land.

As to the first, I was perhaps about 10 or 11 years old when I drove our team of horses and wagon clear up Daniel Canyon and out to the turnoff in Strawberry Valley, about 30 miles. I was all alone except for our faithful horses.

Vernon and Dad drove the old car up to where we planned to cut the trees and drag them out to be hauled home. Vern took the car back home so he could do the chores, and Dad and I stayed three or four days to get enough wood for a wagon load. Dad would cut the trees and fasten the drag chain around them, and I would haul them down the hill to our gathering-place.

One morning when I woke up it was snowing heavily and there was snow all over our bed, which was in the outdoors with no tent. Dad was up cooking breakfast, and I have never smelled bacon and eggs so tantalizing in my life. I was fearful we

wouldn't be able to get out for the snow.. But lo and behold, a little while later we heard the car coming and Vern was there to haul us home. We let the horses loose and I guess they either came home or we found them later because we ultimately recovered them.

When I was perhaps 11 Dad decided to drive some cattle up into the hills. He and I both had horses, and every little way one or two of the cattle would try to break back toward home. It kept us busy just keeping them headed up into the canyon. We drove them far up a canyon onto the mountains above Daniel Canyon, on the south side of the highway.

When it started getting dark, I wondered how we would ever get off the mountain. But if there was ever any hint of concern in my father's voice, I never detected it. We had to bring the horses down such a steep mountain that we had to lead them most of the way as they slid down on their rumps. Why neither of us was run over and hurt I'll never know. We got most of the way down when we ran into a ledge and had to find a way around it in the dark.

By the time we got down to the little stream in the canyon, it must have been near midnight and totally black -- not even a moon. We tied up the horses, took off the saddles and walked across the road to a rock shale slide. We were so tired we both laid down and went fast asleep. Fortunately a truck driver for Ashton's Lumber came down the canyon, saw us asleep and stopped for us. He took us as far as the "Y" -- the fork where the Provo Canyon and the Daniel Canyon roads meet. We walked the last mile home, arriving there about 1:30 or 2 a.m. The house lights were on and Mother was up pacing the floor, worried about where we were.

Also keen in my memory is the time my father and mother took me to Salt Lake City to April conference. It must have been after I finished sixth grade. I had scored the highest in the county on a standardized test that year, and Dad told some people at conference that I was the smartest kid in the county. That certainly made me feel proud and important. I remember we stayed at the home of one of Dad's nieces on Driggs Avenue, and we rode the electric street cars to get to and from the conference.

In my growing-up years we had a dairy farm and delivered milk in Heber. Dad bought an old milk buggy that could be pulled by either one or two horses depending on which shaft was on the buggy. On the side he had an artist paint: "McDonald's Jersey Milk and Cream." We would drive the buggy all around town delivering milk. Fortunately I was not yet old enough to feel ashamed of that old buggy, as some of my older siblings were. And I still have fond memories of it. Later we peddled milk in our old green Oldsmobile.

He had great pride in his Jersey cows. Each fall we would polish up the cows' horns with a piece of sharp broken glass, curry them carefully, clean them all up and take them to the fair. He had many, many ribbons to show for those efforts. It's interesting that one of his chief competitors, J. Sylvan Rasband, became my father-in-law when I married his youngest daughter, Anne.

Sylvan told me a story once about Dad. He said he came out to help give the cows their shots for Brucellosis. The cows were in their stanchions, and when he stepped up to the first cow and gave her a shot, she bellowed and jumped right through

the stanchion. He stepped up to the second cow and the same thing happened. Dad grinned and said, "I was fixing those stanchions one day when Minnie called me to dinner." I guess he forgot to finish the job.

There was also the time he was going to Provo to buy Mother a washer. When he got there he visited one of his friends and found a purebred Jersey bull calf for sale. He used the money for the washer and bought the calf. Mother always said that her washer had turned into a bull calf.

Dad had a quarter-interest in one bull that had killed a man in Heber. The bull was a big brute of an animal, and as mean as they come. None of the other partners would keep him, so Dad built a big sturdy double-pole fence to keep him penned up. That bull would bellow and paw the earth so ferociously that you could hear him all over the neighborhood. Mother became so concerned that she finally talked Dad into having the bull killed. When they shot the bull, it scared our dog Old Ring so badly he jumped up on the front door and knocked it open and came inside. It was the only time I ever remember that Mother let him stay indoors. Just days after the bull was killed, our little niece JoAnne Witt who was only about two years old at the time climbed between two poles into the bullpen.

One time Dad took Glenn to town with him. He had to crank the car to get it started, and left Glenn in the driver's seat. Somehow Glenn put the car in gear and when the car started it jumped up over the curb and ran into the side of a store. He was only 2 1/2 or 3 years old, and he remembered people gathering around to see who the driver was. Fortunately Dad jumped out of the way when the car started.

There's also the time Dad and Mother and Eugena had gone to Provo in the car. They started up Provo Canyon after dark, and about halfway up Dad missed a turn and went over the embankment. Mother screamed all the way down the hill until they ended up in a farmer's corral. When the farmer found them the next morning, he said several cars had come over the bank, but Dad's was the only one that had remained upright. We were glad to get our parents back after that episode.

I remember in my early years Dad rented a pasture just north of Heber. It had a big old slough in it and the cows were always wandering out in the slough. We would have to wash off the cows' udders each time we milked them. Some of us children always used to jump on a cow's back to get across the stream that wended its way down through the pasture. They were as gentle as the horses, provided you picked the right cow.

Then later he rented a pasture down west of Heber. We reached it by passing the old race track in Heber, went west until we hit the road to Charleston off the Midway Lane road, and continued on about another block or two. It was there Dad taught me how to drive the old car when I was only eight years old -- after much coaxing on my part. The first time I tried I was looking down at the gear shift trying to shift when I started to drive off the road. Dad caught it just in time.

The depression of the 1930s was very hard on Dad. For one thing, our herd of cows got Brucellosis, which was rampant in the county. We had to sell or dispose of several cows. I remember we got \$100 for some three or four cows, and I thought that was a lot of money. Mother and Dad soon set me straight. With part of the money they

bought an electric light meter for the old wash house building, which sat behind our house. It was formerly owned by Clifford, one of Dad's sons by his first wife. When Clifford and Delores built their new house, Dad bought the old house and had it dragged by Caterpillar from upper Daniel to its resting place behind the house. I must have been only three or four years old when that occurred, but I distinctly remember it.

Also, there was a serious drought during the early 1930s. As a result, crops were very poor. In about 1933, I remember Dad wrote on the granary wall that he had harvested so many bushels of barley and so many of wheat. "It was a hard year to make ends meet," he commented.

Dad was born Oct. 8, 1866 to Joseph Smith McDonald and Nancy Elizabeth Cummings, the second of seven children. I barely remember him mentioning anything about his childhood. I do remember Grandfather and my step-Grandmother McDonald, who lived in a house over on what we called "the corner" -- the place where the Daniel road from Heber and the church house road running east and west intersected. Grandpa was either blind or nearly blind when he died while I was a small boy. I have very few memories of either him or my step-grandmother.

Dad was baptized on Aug. 27, 1876, by Samuel J. Wing. Interestingly, he was also rebaptized on two later occasions -- Nov. 19, 1881 and Oct. 22, 1893. Maybe the first one didn't take. It was not an uncommon practice in the early days of the Church to be baptized more than once.

He married Mary Elizabeth Giles on Feb. 22, 1886, at the age of 19. According to records obtained by our sister Leah, he moved to Buysville -- later named Daniel -- on Feb. 4, 1899, with his wife Mary and children Clarence, Giles, Paul and Cora. Cora was then only two years old.

A long-time Daniel resident, our cousin Lela Coleman, said that Dad bought the farm from Sam Wing in Daniel, the same man who first baptized him. Apparently the farm had a little two-room house on it.

Dad built the brick home in 1900, according to Wasatch County Courthouse records. This was the home we all remembered as our childhood home -- roomy and comfortable.

He was endowed Oct. 25, 1893, and was sealed to Mary Elizabeth that day. Later, on May 18, 1898, Dad was sealed to his parents with his step-mother, Mary Malinda Jones McDonald, standing as proxy for Nancy Elizabeth Cummings. Clarence and Giles were also sealed to Dad and Mary Elizabeth Giles that day. Three wagon-loads of people went to the Salt Lake Temple that day.

Dad was chosen as second counselor to Bishop Patrick McGuire on May 10, 1903, when the Daniel and Buysville wards were joined under the direction of Apostles Rudger Clawson and Hyrum M. Smith, with the stake presidency. The new ward was named after Daniel H. Wells on suggestion of Apostle Clawson, made at the recent stake conference. William Bell was chosen as first counselor.

Dad was ordained a High Priest on May 10, 1903, by William H. Smart.

The year 1916 was a big year for Dad. He married my mother, Minnie Sonderegger Witt, on Jan. 26, 1916. Then on July 30 he was named bishop of the ward and set apart by George Albert Smith, later president of the Church. He selected

Joseph Orgill and Zed Bethers as his counselors. He served as a counselor in the bishopric for 13 years, then as bishop for 13 years.

Records are not clear just when he was released, but it was about 1929. Leah's research shows that Dad did most of the ordaining until April 29, 1928. Then the records for 1929 list Joseph Orgill as bishop. All these records were gathered by Leah McDonald Houtz, who did a tremendous amount of genealogical work on our ancestors.

Dad was not just a farmer, but a very successful and hard-working one. It must have been when I was but a small boy that he mortgaged his farm heavily to buy what became known as the Lehi Farm for his sons from his first marriage. He even wanted to mortgage the five acres with the house and barn and outbuildings on it, but Mother wouldn't let him -- despite much intimidation by the bank. We all bless her for that. He lost all his mortgaged land when the payments fell behind on the Lehi Farm. It was a crushing blow.

Later he bought the 29 acres adjoining the house on the south, and that was the land we farmed when I was a boy.

I remember so clearly the events leading up to Dad's death. I came down the stairs one morning and Dad was still in bed -- an unusual occurrence. He called me in and told me to go get some liniment from Mother. When I asked Mother for the liniment, I could see she was immediately alarmed. She went into the bedroom to find out what it was for. Dad said he wanted to rub his arm with it because he had lost feeling in it.

Mother seemed to sense immediately that it was a cerebral hemorrhage, or stroke as it was commonly called. It seemed to affect mostly his arm and right side at first. Dr. Dannenberg was summoned, and he confirmed that it was indeed a stroke. He was very blunt about the prognosis. He gave Mother very little hope that Dad would recover. And, indeed, in those days there was little that could be done medically for stroke victims, as there is today.

Sure enough, Dad languished and got steadily worse. I'm sure he must have had other strokes, because near the end he couldn't talk, only motion. Al Bethers came in one day to see him, and Dad could only motion to him.

He lapsed into very heavy breathing the last of June and first of July. We kept expecting him to pass away, but he lingered on. I asked Mother if I shouldn't be piling hay in the upper field. And she told me to go do it.

As I was turning over the windrows of dried alfalfa into piles, Barbara came up to the field. I guess I knew what it meant, but I asked her, "What's wrong?" She said, "Don't you know?" and started crying. And I knew right then that our dear father had passed away. It was July 2, 1937.

Death strikes the young very hard, especially when it's a parent. And I felt a great sorrow that our father would no longer be with us, never in this life. We would no longer hear him calling us at Christmas time, nor see him when he prayed in church with his right hand lifted to the square. We could no longer go out to milk the cows with him and feel of his jovial spirit. He was gone from our lives.

The funeral was three days later. In the interim, I remember they brought his

body home in the casket and he lay in our parlor, calm and peaceful. I wondered if his spirit had already risen. And I remember Maybell Moulton and Frank Epperson singing "In the Garden" at his funeral, a number that was sung at almost every funeral in the valley at that time. It was a sad day when his body was layed away in the Heber Cemetery on a beautiful July day that never was meant for funerals.

I learned many things from my father: honesty, virtue, how to work, the importance of family, ties to the land, a love of farm animals, a reverence for the Church and for service to others. All those were reinforced by our dear mother.

Mother always talked of her first husband, James Taylor Witt, in endearing terms. And that was easy to understand, as he was her first love. She always told us how hard it was to assume the role of step-mother to nearly-grown and grown children.

But I think she paid a wonderful compliment to Dad when Anne and I got married. She told Anne: "I hope he's as good a lover as his father was." Bless him, and may his soul rest in peace.